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NOTES OF THE WEEK

WHILE some of the minor differences between Great Britain and France in regard to the Silesian question have been smoothed over—sufficiently, at any rate, to allow the Supreme Council to meet and talk—what is really at odds between them is a fundamental divergence of diagnosis. The French remedy for the ills of Europe, the French prescription for future security, is the mailed fist to be administered whenever and wherever Germany shows signs of recuperation. It is an unintelligent policy if only because it comes too late. The time to have dismembered Germany and to have split her up into a Northern and Southern Confederation—to have undone, in a word, the Bismarckian work of unification—was at the Peace Conference. But having permitted Germany to survive it seems only common-sense to leave her room to breathe and to assure the conditions without which she cannot win back to economic health. The British procedure of exacting a definite punishment and reparation for past misdeeds but of doing nothing to prevent Germany's ultimate recovery or her re-appearance as part of the European concert, seems to us to be far more in accordance with the facts and their consequences and far more helpful to the gradual working out of a sounder dispensation.

To the French such a policy appears hopelessly commercial. It is in reality much more than a shop-keeping prudence, though unquestionably also it is that. Before the war we sent something

like forty per cent. of our exports to the Continent. We sold to it £200,000,000 of goods a year. We cannot dispense with the European market, any more than France can, and we realise, more clearly perhaps than she does, that we are not richer because the Central Empires are poorer, and that without a pacified Germany there can be no lasting revival anywhere in Europe. One of the reasons why sterling has fallen in New York and why we have to pay a tax of at least 30 per cent. of its value on every bushel of wheat and every ton of raw material we buy from America is that we cannot yet collect our Continental debts. But beyond our immediate self-interest in the matter, which after all is on all fours with the French interest, we believe that commerce is the great peacemaker and that in the modern interdependent world each country depends on its neighbour's prosperity. The soldier can never rescue Europe from the pit into which it has been plunged; the trader may.

The Government's answer to the demand for economy is to set up a preposterous committee of business men to advise it on questions of finance. The committee is preposterous not because those who have been invited to join it are men of little weight or experience—the exact contrary is the case—but because, while it will have no control over policy, it will provide a screen behind which Departmental extravagance will be able to operate as freely as ever. If the committee were to insist on economies against the judgment of the Chancellor of the Exchequer it would quickly make either his position or its own impossible. If it were to sanc-

tion expenditure of which the House or the country did not approve it would to that extent be relieving the Chancellor of what should be his sole responsibility. Take the question of the Naval Estimates which were debated on Wednesday. Our belief is that the nation is against being committed to an expenditure of some £30,000,000 on four capital ships which will be obsolete before there is any prospect of their being used and at a time when the first serious move towards reduced armaments is being made. But the nation would not accept a verdict either of approval or disapproval from a nondescript committee of business men as being necessarily final. It would insist, and rightly so, that the Cabinet on a matter of that kind must make its own decisions, defend them in the open, be judged by them, and not take shelter behind any extra-Parliamentary body whatever.

As always happens at the end of a session a mass of miscellaneous legislation has been flung at the House of Lords under circumstances that make adequate consideration and amendment impossible. This year the Railways Bill, the Corn Production Bill, the Safeguarding of Industries Bill, and the Licensing Bill are dumped upon the Upper House on the old assumption that after a fortnight's scampering debate they will all be passed. The assumption will probably hold good for a little while longer, but one day it will quite unexpectedly break down, and we shall have the House of Lords question upon us in earnest. People forget that ten years ago we began to define our constitution, and that the Parliament Act reduced to set terms what hitherto had been regulated by instinct, tradition and common-sense. It put down in writing what one branch of the legislature might do and might not do. Sooner or later we shall have to resume that process and to circumscribe with the same precision the rights and prerogatives of the Crown, the Cabinet and the House of Commons.

It is an appalling prospect, for it may mean transforming the most flexible and convenient system of Government that has ever been shaped by the political genius of men. But every time that the House of Commons usurps, as it is doing now, the functions of a Single Chamber and knocks the House of Lords out of the constitution except as a ratifying assembly, the problem of overhauling our institutions is brought so much the nearer. In the past two or three years, while the House of Commons has distinctly fallen in public opinion, the need for a strong Second Chamber has been impressed upon the nation. In its present form the House of Lords is not, and never can be, such a chamber. It is popular, it is full of able and experienced men, its debates are far more business-like than those of the Lower House, but its composition is a fatal bar to any real effectiveness. The country has hardly yet begun to think out its House of Lords question. But its instincts are clearly on the side of a Second Chamber with genuine powers of revision and delay; and its inclination is to believe that such a Chamber can best be evolved by reforming the House of Lords from within rather than by still further abridging its functions.

Last Monday week there appeared in that admirable journal, the *New York Times*, an interview with Mr. Wickham Steed, the editor of the *London Times*, who is accompanying Lord Northcliffe on part of his tour round the world. Mr. Steed was represented as giving King George the credit for initiating the new move towards an Irish peace and for forcing it upon his ministers. His Majesty was even quoted in the interview as having asked Mr. Lloyd George whether he intended to shoot all the people in Ireland, and as having announced to the Prime Minister, "I cannot have my people killed in this manner." How Mr. Steed came to have such statements attributed to him was explained five days later by the amazing admission that he, a publicist of position and experience, cross-examined on a matter of international moment in a city whose reporters have many gifts but hardly the gift of accuracy, had not taken the precaution of reading the proofs of the interview before it was published. In "the eternal triangle" of journalism formed by the interviewer, the interviewed and the editor such an omission invites, as no one should have known better than Mr. Steed, to every sort of complication.

In this case developments were multitudinous and explosive, and a little masterpiece of muddle was swiftly staged. One of the correspondents of the Northcliffe Press became afflicted with the idea that the interview was with Lord Northcliffe himself. As such he cabled it to London, evidently seeing in it not only nothing at all incongruous with Lord Northcliffe's usual way of talking, but also an effective contribution to the anti-Lloyd George campaign. The *Times*, to its credit, had sufficient doubts on the subject to suppress the cablegram. The *Daily Mail*, less suspicious, or better acquainted with its proprietor's mind and methods, accepted it as a genuine, if not a typical, utterance, and published it. The King promptly and rightly authorised the Prime Minister to deny in the House of Commons that he had ever made the remarks imputed to him or that in his speech to the Parliament of Northern Ireland he had in any way departed from "the invariable constitutional practice."

Mr. Lloyd George naturally made the most (in other words, too much) of his chance. To the King's statement he added some comments of his own on "the criminal malignity" which "for personal ends" was "endeavouring to stir up mischief between the Allies, misunderstanding between the British Empire and the United States, and to frustrate the hope of peace in Ireland." But that, of course, was absurd. If there are any causes for which the Northcliffe papers and Lord Northcliffe himself have worked sincerely and disinterestedly they are precisely those of an Irish settlement, the maintenance of the entente with France, and the promotion of better relations with the United States. As for "criminal malignity," that, too, was equally far-fetched. What we have really been treated to is an exhibition of all-round incompetence on so finished and comprehensive a scale that henceforward "Muddle" as the favourite headline in

the Northcliffe Press for ministerial actions and inactions will have to disappear. Except as a boomerang it has lost its potency.

That nothing might be lacking to the episode, Sir Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador at Washington, publicly and at a day's notice cancelled the dinner he had arranged to give in Lord Northcliffe's honour at the Embassy. This was after the appearance of the interview but before it was known, at any rate in London, that Lord Northcliffe was not responsible for it. We see not the slightest excuse for Sir Auckland's action, if it was his own, and still less if it was inspired by the Foreign Office. British Embassies do not exist to put affronts of this kind on visiting British subjects nor should they be utilised to prosecute the personal or political vendettas of Foreign Secretaries, whatever the provocation. The commotion stirred up by the interview has, indeed, been hardly less than, and just as unseemly as, the turmoil that followed the Kaiser's *Daily Telegraph* interview of thirteen years ago. That, too, was a medley of muddle and mischance, but the Kaiser had at least the grace to keep quiet after it for nearly two and a half years. If Lord Northcliffe and his papers on the one side and Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon on the other could agree to ignore each other's existence for another thirty months, life would be a little duller but decidedly more comfortable.

The Irish truce has thus far been well observed, and during the coming week it is most unlikely to be broken. There is no room for politics when the Horse Show opens. On the ordinary questions that are assumed to be of public interest there may be two Irelands or twenty. But when it comes to a matter of horses and of the sports—and they are still the best sports—to which horses are indispensable, there is only one Ireland. For the next seven days there will be neither Sinn Feiners nor Unionists, neither Protestants nor Catholics, neither traders nor farmers, in Dublin, but simply Irishmen, the shrewd-eyed worshippers of the noblest of animals. What the Irishman does not know about horses is hidden even from the Afghan and the New Englander; and it has been truly remarked that in the buying, selling, training, running and hunting of horses there is more enforced mingling of the classes and creeds than in all other connections put together. If the Sinn Feiners were wise they would remove the meaningless harp from the Irish flag, and put in its place the one symbol of unity and goodwill that all Irishmen would recognise—the horse.

The death of Mr. Burdett-Coutts, whose quite useful public career was somewhat overshadowed by his private circumstances, may bring into the market one of the last half-dozen of the larger estates near London. Holly Lodge, preserved by its owners till time and strangeness had made its early nineteenth century furniture and appointments almost charming, covers some sixty acres of ground on the heights of Highgate. London lies below it like a toy city, and its grounds and gardens, with their great dells of rhododendrons and azaleas, their combination of

forest giants and sweeping lawns, their rose-beds and honeysuckle walks and tea-houses, have been for a hundred years and more the delight of thousands and tens of thousands of visitors. The social, literary and historical associations of the place go back to Andrew Marvell and Francis Bacon and Charles II. From the middle of the nineteenth century onwards very few foreigners and practically no Colonial of any note came to London without visiting Holly Lodge. Still earlier it was the scene of more elaborate *fêtes champêtres* than perhaps any house in England. At one of them the Duchess of St. Albans, who began life as an actress and kept green within her a sense of stage-effects, hired all the birds that London dealers could supply and placed their cages in the trees. It will be more than a loss to London life, it will be a genuine disaster, if so famous and agreeable an estate is broken up and Holly Lodge becomes merely a pleasant memory.

Enough of the old Adam and of the old world is still left in us to make Great Britain in August an example to the universe in the art of holiday-making. The war has not apparently weakened by one iota our national capacities in that direction. Having built up the most elaborate, ordered and enduring fabric of sport and amusement to be found anywhere, our people, this year as before the war, are turning it to the most vigorous use. No one who has ever seen us in August would call us leisurely, still less sad. It is the mark of a sane people that we take our pleasures with such determined heartiness. The civilisation of the United States has appreciably advanced in agreeableness since the Americans learned to work less and play more. Our temptation is probably the reverse of theirs. We work so little during eleven months of the year that a dozen new forms of gambling have had to be invented to save us from mental stagnation. But in August we really take off our coats and devote to enjoying ourselves an expenditure of energy and concentration we should never think of wasting on business. As a nation, we are never so strenuous as in holiday time.

Enrico Caruso was the kind of singer who appears about once in every generation, gifted with just that additional quality in his vocal cords that raises him above all the singers of his time, and makes him the idol of half the world. No one has ever discovered what it is in the Italian blood and climate that produces this super-excellent development of the vocal apparatus in human beings; but the perfect tenor voice remains an almost exclusive product of Italy. A gift like that of Caruso has little relation to art and but slight effect upon it; such small influence as great singers do exert upon the art of music is almost uniformly bad. Personal abnegation is the life of the artist; personal glory is the life of the singer. It is something to be able to record of a man of Caruso's humble origin, endowed with this magnificent gift, flattered and rewarded for it throughout the world, that his nature should have been unspoiled by it, and that he should have remained on the whole, through his brief and glorious public career, a good fellow.

"A REAL PEACE"

IT is somewhat late, but none the less welcome, to find Mr. Lloyd George advocating "a real peace." The world hoped for one from Versailles but most plainly it did not get it. The Conference that in method and purpose was to be a complete departure from its predecessors and to set mankind an example of the application of justice and common-sense to international affairs, resolved itself into an unwieldy game of grab-as-grab-can. All the old national egotisms came out in full and revengeful play. Diplomacy proved as secret, as greedy, as forgetful as ever. The negotiators burked essential issues of large policy to trifle with the expediencies of the hour. The attainably better solution was sacrificed, as usual, for lack of resolution and faith, to some unstable patchwork that satisfied no one. There was hardly a trace of decisive leadership, anchored in principle. There was a plethora of rhetoric, sentiment, sharp practice, and disingenuous compromise.

To-day, when they look at their handiwork, its authors are beginning to see that it has not brought peace; that, on the contrary, the Treaty of Versailles has deepened and prolonged and rounded off the ruin wrought by the war; and that its readjustment in a new political temper to economic realities is imperative if Europe is to be saved. Mr. Lloyd George has not yet reached the point of mentioning the word Revision. But he will, for he sees—and at times allows the world to know it—that along its present lines Europe can only lurch into yet more violent enmities and still deeper distress. He is becoming aware that to the policy of boycotting Germany, of backing up Poland against Moscow and Berlin and Greece against Turkey, and of giving France a free hand to divide and cripple Germany as she pleases, there can only be one end—a war that will annihilate, or a chronic chaos that will dissolve, the civilisation of Europe.

More than that, there are signs that the Prime Minister is coming to appreciate two of the fundamental certainties of the European future. One is that Germany will remain a compact and united people, commercially and industrially the pivot of the European system; that just as she recovered from the Napoleonic wars, so she will recover from this one; that already the will to work and the intelligence to know how to work—her greatest assets—are raising her from the depths of depression and defeat; and that a sound Europe with a diseased or an unstable Germany is an impossibility. So long as it is the policy of the Allies to keep Germany quivering between reaction and Bolshevism, the whole Continent must remain in a turmoil of economic insecurity and national hates. This is not a German question merely; Germany will not suffer alone; there is not a State in Europe, new or old, there is not a trading nation anywhere in the world, that does not feel the reactions of that nervous tension in the centre of the Continent which the policy of France seems designed to perpetuate.

There is nothing, again, that can be predicted of any part of the world with more confidence than that Russia will emerge from her present distractions a great Power, of unlimited economic possibilities, and perhaps with vigorous political ambitions. Not to see that with our commitments in Asia Minor, in Mesopotamia and in India, the

friendship of such a Power must be one of the first of British interests is to be myopic indeed. Not to see, also, that the present indecisive course of the Allies must end by driving Russia into the arms of Germany and by paving the way for a Russo-German Alliance, is to turn an equally blind eye on realities. Only a very little acquaintance with the history of the past half-century, and only a very brief survey of British interests, are needed as reminders that the insensate ill-will which marked Anglo-Russian relations from the Crimean war till about fifteen years ago was a calamity to both countries. It will be a still greater calamity if at each successive stage of the very difficult journey that lies before her, Russia is made to feel that the hand of Britain is against her.

What more than anything else will determine the future of Europe will be the temper in which Russia and Germany emerge from their present tribulations; and it is within the power of Great Britain and of the attitude and actions of the British people to affect that temper profoundly. If it is made their one desire to regain their former strength that they may at once turn against their neighbours, another European war becomes inevitable; and no man of sense stands in need of the Prime Minister's warning that another European war must wipe out all we have known as civilisation and force mankind back upon the law of the jungle. If on the other hand Great Britain takes the lead in restoring the atmosphere of sanity and helpfulness, and in ruling out the policies that almost automatically provoke wars of revenge—and only Great Britain has the capacity if she has also the insight and the will for such an initiative—then there is at least a chance that an international order, based on rational co-operation, may gradually be pieced together.

Such a programme asks from Mr. Lloyd George the faith and fire of his earlier days, and from the British nation that placid and purposeful tenacity which is no small part of their political influence. But a Prime Minister who has just declared, and a nation which palpably approves his declaration, that "just as the whole might of the British Empire was in August, 1914, cast into the war, so to-day the same power is thrown into the scales of peace," are either committed to that programme or they are committed to nothing. It is impossible to foresee at what point in the Russian chaos its application will become practicable. So far we have not got much beyond the negative acknowledgement that under foreign attack Bolshevism is quickly hammered into Nationalism, and that whatever may be our future policy towards Russia, the idea of subsidising and supporting local rebellions against the ruling regime can have no part in it. For some time to come it will probably be through fuller commercial relations that we shall best assist Russia to stabilise herself.

Germany, on the other hand, offers us in Upper Silesia an immediate opportunity of serving the cause of European peace. The circumstances are difficult because we can only do the right and the sane thing by withstanding France to the point of friction and even of estrangement. It is precisely an occasion to test the reality of our protestations that what we most desire in Europe is tranquillity and the resumption of the

industrial habit. To hand over Upper Silesia to the Poles, or to hinder its full restoration to the Germans, is to commit, in the first place, an act of economic madness comparable only to placing the Government and industries of Lancashire in charge of the Catholic farmers of Mayo. Secondly, it is to be guilty of a breach of faith so flagrant as to wreck at the outset the enterprise, beyond all others essential but beyond all others arduous, of rebuilding the machinery and revitalising the spirit of confidence and honest dealing in European affairs. Thirdly, it is to subscribe to that purely military conception of policy and of international relationship which provoked the late war and which, if it is again allowed to govern statesmanship, will infallibly lead to further and yet more devastating catastrophes.

Surely we have had enough of all this. Surely the week which has brought round the anniversary of the outbreak of the war and has set us all reviewing the events and experiences of the past seven years, must have served also as a reminder that what went utterly to pieces in August, 1914, was the order of ideas under which Europe had lived. The French on this issue stand for the old system and the old inevitable collapse. We in Britain are at least seeking the path to a more hopeful goal.

POLITICIANS AND THE PRESS

IT is a long time since the question of the due limits of discretion in public comment has been raised with so much vivacity as it has been of late. It is not so long as it seems, it is true, since Joseph Chamberlain was enlivening politics by an occasional brief essay in personal description of an opponent; but that was before the war, and the thumb-nail portraits of Tacitus seem hardly more remote. Since the war, however, and more particularly since the Peace Conference evacuated the French capital, there has been a steady growth of something more than candour on the part of individuals, which has ended by spreading to the ramparts of the last stronghold of diplomatic caution, the British Press. There was Mr. Keynes, of whose book a hundred times more was heard than of the very effective answer to it by Mr. Dulles, who knew equally well what he was talking about. There was Mr. Bullitt, and Mr. Lansing; there were the "Gentleman with a Duster," and Captain Wright, with whose inspired attack on our generalship during the war it was felt that, as Mr. Asquith once remarked, "we were getting on." But the Press, for the most part, continued to preserve the impassive dignity of a penny-in-the-slot machine, daily producing its packets of perfectly good editorial comment, and never surprising, to say nothing of exciting, the public. There had come a day, however, when the *Times* permitted its dissatisfaction with the Prime Minister to become apparent. When at length, in mid-July, it suddenly announced exactly what it thought of Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon as aspiring to represent Great Britain at the projected Washington Conference, the public mind was—and with good reason—profoundly shocked. Now it is slowly recovering from the impact of the interview which Lord Northcliffe did not give, followed by the agreeable episode of the dinner which Sir Auckland Geddes did not give.

Are these things to be regarded as symptoms, albeit distressing ones, of a return to ordinary frankness and freedom of comment in the Press as a whole? If so, we should call them encouraging. Nothing in the after-the-war situation has been more striking than the persistence in daily journalism of the mental habits of the war-period, when our newspapers, although no censorship was exercised over their expression of opinion, became almost more official than officialism itself, and made the proper observations, day by day, with a unanimity and monotony which implanted in the rest of the world the conviction that every word was dictated from Downing Street. As a display of patriotism, it was impressive to those who knew that it was quite voluntary. As a display of judgment and energy of mind, it was less so; and the result that was to be feared declared itself in the evident difficulty which the Press found in throwing off the habit of dependence upon officialism, abandoning diplomatic pretences, and resuming its right to criticize with boldness and authority. The public has been badly served in consequence. It has suffered disappointments which it would never have known if official optimism, in both foreign and domestic affairs, had not been able to count on the majority of the newspapers as a chorus. Coalition Government is not answerable for this. Such obligations as that political arrangement created were construed far too strictly; they were embraced rather than tolerated. From our own standpoint, which is one of complete independence, these things seem clear; and anything promising a general change in this respect is much to be welcomed.

But do we, on the other hand, want to see substituted for the old temper of freedom a temper of convulsive personal animosity and reckless irresponsibility in the criticism of public men? It is not a mere question of degree; the two things are quite different. In this country, as we believe, intemperate and virulent journalism always will be disliked, and will defeat its own ends. Some nations appear to set a value upon it. In France, for example, it has long flourished; and it used to have the charm of the exotic for English students of the French Press. It is less entertaining reading to-day, when its batteries of abuse and suspicion are directed daily against our own nation, and particularly against Mr. Lloyd George; and perusal is not rendered more gratifying by the fact that every attack made upon him here finds faithful reproduction there. This is a grave aspect of the matter. Our Government has still—unfortunately, we think, but for the present unavoidably—very large responsibilities in international policy. The prestige of its head would suffer little from the sincerities, however pointed, of any opposition in his own country that was informed by real public spirit. But when Mr. Lloyd George has to make a fight for justice and economic sanity over Upper Silesia in the Supreme Council, for instance, is he helped by the world-wide circulation of the *Times's* statement that "no Government and no statesman who has had dealings with him puts the smallest confidence in him"? It does not occur to people abroad that this is an utterance of mere irresponsible malice. Our great newspapers are not supposed to go in for that sort of thing. The foreigner concludes that things must really be very wrong indeed. Or take the *viva voce* method. "What do you say to this statement made on behalf of Lord

Curzon?" "It's a lie." What is the foreigner to think?

But on broader grounds than this, it seems to us that a protest ought to be raised against the black-guarding of public men under the pretext of disinterested criticism. So far, it is by no means prevalent; but there has been more than enough of it, and it ought to stop. When it flourished here in the past, it degraded public life to an extent which only a student of history can realize; and the more ably it was done, and the greater the appearance of knowledge and authority with which it was invested, the worse was its effect. It gave a thoroughly vicious turn to all controversy, for the spice of it made even the warmest of fair comment seem insipid. Burke, speaking in the House of Commons of the most famous of all the diatribes of Junius, said, "There are in that composition many bold truths, but it was the rancour and venom with which I was struck." Lesser men than Burke were less able to distinguish, and attached as much credit to the slander as to the truth. We will add a word upon the special case of the subjection of the Prime Minister to this kind of attack. He is very well able to look after himself, in a sense; but he, too, is not extremely careful about what weapons he employs, when it comes to a personal encounter. Criticism of his acts and measures there must be; they often call for it, and our own has not been too mild. But to the man himself the Empire owes an incalculable debt of gratitude and respect, and his countrymen, if they are not blind to his faults, still do not care to see them caricatured and trumpeted abroad in a temper of personal vindictiveness.

THE PROBLEM OF POPULATION

THERE is growing evidence that the problem of population is once more beginning to occupy the public mind. Not only does the world-wide slump in trade make the average man anxious about his own maintenance and the maintenance of his children, but it has become impossible for any observer of contemporary events to shut his eyes to the fact that the rapid growth of population in various countries by itself involves a threat of fresh world-warfare. A few days ago the Premier of Australia made pointed reference to the already crowded, yet still rapidly growing, population of Japan, and left his audience to draw the inference that Japan must find new outlets for her people, for which she may be driven to fight. An examination of German political writings for ten years preceding the Great War shows that the leaders of German thought deliberately argued that Germany must engage in war in order to find room for her expanding population.* In this matter Germany and Japan are no different from the rest of the world. More than three hundred years ago an Englishman argued with great frankness that if a nation had not room for its growing population in its own territories, it must overlap into the territory of its neighbours, and that their resistance must, if necessary, be overcome by war. The name of the

Englishman was Sir Thomas More, and the name of his book 'Utopia.' Honestly examined, the proposition is indisputable. Men will always prefer to kill other people rather than to starve themselves.

It may be true that the world as a whole has never yet been fully peopled; but nations fight for visible opportunities of expansion, and are not deterred by calculations as to the theoretical capacity of the globe. The problem to-day, in the West at any rate, is not primarily—as it was when Malthus wrote—the question of finding enough food; it is the question of finding sufficient means for the enjoyment of life. In most Western countries, as a result of the development of machinery, the standard of living has been so greatly raised that much more than mere subsistence is required by nearly the whole population. But additional requirements for the enjoyment of life all involve some additional call upon the natural resources of the earth. If fields are to be set aside for playing cricket, they cannot also be used for growing potatoes; if our population is to be better clothed, more of the earth's surface must be devoted to cotton plantations and mulberry groves. Nor are these considerations cancelled by the fact that at the present moment there still seems to be room enough left in the world for all the cricket fields and cotton plantations that Western peoples are likely to want for some time to come. That may be true, but it has to be remembered that the people of Western Europe and of the United States are fortunate enough to hold an extraordinarily favourable position as compared with the rest of the world's population. This minority of white men in reality constitutes a racial aristocracy; it lives in relative luxury; while other races are half-starved. India and China between them hold nearly half the population of the whole globe. The vast majority of their inhabitants rarely, if ever, have what the people of Western Europe and of the United States would call a square meal; they are for the most part dressed in the very scantiest clothing; their houses are mud hovels, empty of furniture. It is largely because of their low standard of living and the resulting cheap labour that we are able to live so well. If they could force their standard of living up to our present level, we should begin to appreciate more fully the danger of the whole globe being overcrowded.

In any event the problem of local overcrowding remains. Few people looking at the great towns of England can honestly deny that this problem stares us in the face to-day. A very large proportion of our urban population lives in narrow streets where sunshine rarely penetrates, and really fresh air is unknown. For tens of thousands of children the pavement of these narrow streets or a small courtyard adjoining their school is the only playground. The working lives of their parents are spent in crowded factories and in crowded trams and trains going backwards and forwards to their work. That is how the problem of population presents itself in hard facts in England to-day, and these hard facts cannot be got rid of by any such suggested remedies as the building of garden suburbs or the promotion of emigration. To re-house the whole of our overcrowded urban population in new quarters with sufficient bedroom and sitting-

* See 'Conquest and Kultur,' issued by the Committee on Public Information, Washington, 1918.

room and bathroom accommodation, with gardens and playgrounds and 'broad streets, would involve an expenditure running into thousands of millions. Who is to provide the money? And for how many generations are we to wait till the work is accomplished? As for emigration, the two basic facts are: (1) that the people whom England could most easily spare are just those who have too little enterprise to emigrate; and (2) that the Dominions are increasingly reluctant to receive even those Englishmen who are willing to try to better their fortunes by crossing the sea. As a remedy for the urban overcrowding in England to-day the little trickle of emigration that takes place effects nothing; it does not even approximately balance the continuing growth of the population. In the decade ending 1911 the average annual net outflow of passengers from the United Kingdom to countries outside Europe was 245,000; in the same decade the average annual increase of population in England and Wales alone was 352,000. Subsequent figures have been so greatly affected by war influences that they provide a doubtful basis for any permanent argument, but there is nothing to indicate that emigration can reach a sufficient volume to diminish the present overcrowding of England.

As regards the actual growth of our population there is a good deal of misunderstanding in the minds of many people. The phrase "the birth-rate" is so much used that it is not uncommon to find people assuming that a declining birth-rate necessarily means a declining population; it may in fact mean an actual increase in the rate of expansion. Compare, for example, the figures of 1920 with those for the decade ending 1880. The birth-rate in England and Wales in 1920 was 25.4 per 1,000; from 1871 to 1880 the average annual birth-rate was 35.4 per 1,000. But did this heavy drop in the birth-rate mean fewer births? On the contrary, in 1920 the number of births was 957,782, whereas the average annual number of births from 1871-80 was only 858,878. Thus, with a birth-rate reduced by 10 per 1,000 we had an increase of nearly 100,000 births. The explanation is, of course, perfectly simple. A rate means nothing unless we know the volume over which it is taken. One per cent. on a million is worth more than 10 per cent. on a thousand. The larger volume which our population now possesses as compared with 1880 enables a lower birth-rate to produce a larger number of children. This arithmetical consideration finally dominates the whole problem of population. Assuming that we do not want our children to die off in infancy as in Russia and China, there is no escape from the proposition that a high birth-rate is only possible in a small population. Thus whatever may be said by theologians, or by socialists, it is inevitable that families must grow smaller as populations grow larger, for otherwise in a very few generations the whole earth could be filled with the members of one race only. To reach that point would involve a good deal of wholesale killing, and when it was reached, the problem of population would still remain. For unless the members of the triumphant race reduced their birth-rate, they would find themselves compelled in the next generation to begin killing one another.

ORGAN-PLAYING

IT is indicative of the state of our musical criticism that the organ recital given by Monsieur Josef Bonnet the other day in Westminster Abbey should have received little or no serious notice from the critics. The occasion was nevertheless an important one in a country whose musical history is closely bound up with organ-playing; which possesses the finest organs in the world, and where there was a really fine tradition of organ-playing in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The tradition fell very low; the art was much degraded at the beginning of the present century; but recent years have seen a considerable revival, and even our organists have been touched by the broad modern spirit that is living in music to-day. M. Bonnet is a type of musician very seldom associated with the organ. He is a virtuoso, a kind of Liszt of his instrument. For one thing, he plays without notes, and thus escapes one at least of the many distractions which commonly interfere between the organist and a perfectly personal and emotional expression of the music he is performing. It has always seemed to me well-nigh impossible for a man, sitting as it were at a desk, studying a written score, manipulating keyboards and pedals, and at the same time mentally and physically arranging combinations of sixty or seventy stops, to be in the mental state favourable to true musical expression. The proof is to be found in the high performances attained by masters of improvisation on the organ who in many cases are but uninspired performers of written music.

M. Bonnet plays as though he were inventing; but with a crispness, a certainty, and a rhythm that are as rare as they are delightful. It was charming to sit in the Abbey at the pleasant and convenient hour of 6.30 in the evening, and let the eye wander and lose itself in its incomparable vistas, while the ear and mind were gravely occupied by those noble and impersonal utterances of which the organ alone is capable, and which make it so apt a partner with architecture. That is the way such music should be enjoyed; and the crowded state of the building was a proof that people are glad to avail themselves of so agreeable an opportunity. Dr. Sydney Nicholson, who is no great player himself, has done a great deal for church music, and is artist enough and modest enough not to use his post (as others have done) for his own vain-glory; but rather to let it serve the highest interests of music. I hope that he will make these Abbey performances a permanent feature of our musical life.

There is undoubtedly a prejudice against the organ, and one justly founded, to be overcome in the minds of many sensitive and advanced musicians. The reason for it is two-fold. One was stated by Berlioz in his 'Treatise on Instrumentation' when he said:—

"There seems to exist between these two musical powers, the organ and the orchestra, a secret antipathy. The organ and the orchestra are both kings; or rather one is Emperor and the other Pope. Their mission is not the same; their interests are too vast, and too diverse, to be confounded together. Therefore on almost all occasions when this singular connection is attempted, either the organ much pre-

dominates over the orchestra, or the orchestra, having been raised to an immoderate degree of influence, almost eclipses its adversary. In general, the organ is formed for absolute domination; it is a jealous and intolerant instrument."

If this is true, as I think it is, of the organ at its best and perfectly handled, what can be said of it in the hands of the ordinary fumbler in the Parish Church who contrives in the space of an hour to commit almost every atrocity possible to bad taste and bad musicianship? Organ-playing is too often like preaching; the circumstances make it difficult or impossible for the hearer to go away; he is obliged to sit and listen to strains which may be grandiloquent without being grand, and pompous without being dignified. The true organ tone is essentially monotonous, and the purer it is, the more apt is this monotony to weary and depress the ear. The whole genius of the instrument is grave and philosophic; it is incapable of any but momentary excursions into a lighter vein; and the slightest error of taste verges on the indecent, and is shocking to all sense of seemliness; it is as though an old lady should beckon you to some impropriety. It is not merely the ear that is affronted by bad taste in organ playing; a sense of shame afflicts you, a kind of embarrassment such as is associated with all outrages upon proportion. For even a poor organ is the work of many master craftsmen and represents in a high degree the perfection attainable in things wrought by the hand of man. Serious thought and consideration have gone to the proportions of metal to be used in the pipes; the finest woods, sunned and seasoned in many climes, have been fashioned and joined by the most skilful woodworkers; and from the pipe thirty feet high whose soft muttering shakes the building, to the minute little metal tube an inch long that is the topmost branch of the great tree of sound, all have been subject on the voicer's bench to the minute manipulations that determine their character and bring thousands of them together within the scope of one tonal conception. To place all this at the mercy of some clumsy hobbledohoy or grievous spinster, and to have its noble possibilities explored and exploited by untrained and insensible fingers, is to sin in a high degree against artistic proportion. Unfortunately, with us the Church is the only endowment for the organ, and churches, as a rule, cannot afford to pay the organist a sum which will command the services of a man or woman of taste and talent. There is little or no personal glory in the business, and the fees and bouquets awarded to the platform performer are not for the organist, who is either invisible, or presents only a pair of labouring shoulders to his audience. These conditions, it is true, eliminate many of the unworthy, and leave to the real musician a field of true if lonely devotion. And the organist who is really a musician is usually a very fine one.

The standard of organ-playing in London is now very high, and I would say that there are probably more instruments in London of quite first-class quality than are to be found in the whole of any other country with the exception of France and Germany. The school of English organ-playing, coming direct as it does from the cathedral and the great psalmody of Protestantism, is of a cold and grave style compared

with that of Catholic countries; but it is for that reason all the more suited to the genius of the instrument. I know of no two finer examples of this style, tinged with a modern sense of harmonic colour, than are to be studied at St. Paul's Cathedral and the Brompton Oratory respectively. Mr. MacPherson's improvisation is one of the beauties of St. Paul's Cathedral. He is so much one with the organ and the building that those wonderful preludes of his seem like the voice and utterance of the place itself. Vague, but never formless, they float and dissolve beneath the vault like shafts of light through a painted window. Almost any afternoon, for three or four exquisite minutes before the service, you may enjoy this solemn and beautiful experience; it is almost as though you witnessed some great tropical tree in the act of flowering; and at the end you will hear a masterpiece of Bach wedded also to the spirit of Wren, and visiting with him in thunder and light every corner of the vast tabernacle. Few people are consciously aware of this or know who does it—which no doubt is what the organist would wish. At the Brompton Oratory, where Walker's lovely diapasons are still unspoiled, you will hear at Vespers on a Sunday an almost continuous organ accompaniment of quite a different kind. The Gregorian purist might not always approve of it; but I, trained in a very different school, find in it a true and charming accompaniment to the reverent and careful ritual of the Oratorians. The striking of half-past three on the clock, the jingle of the sanctuary bell, the entrance of the procession with its great candles to symbolise the bearing of the Gospel light into a dark world, all accompanied by a melodious outbreak that seems to shepherd the grouping figures round the altar and sink with them into prayer, represent to me a purely artistic experience compressed into a very few minutes, that for dramatic and artistic unity is unequalled in London; and Mr. d'Evry's genius is that, having to accompany both priests and choir almost continuously for an hour, he never allows his tone to become monotonous, never dominates or preaches, but provides a shining river of tone on which the ceremonies and the words are borne away.

De torrente in via bibet, says the Vesper psalm; and I often lift up my head after that refreshing draught.

FILSON YOUNG.

"HELLO, YANK: WHAT ABOUT ENGLAND?"

EVER since I crossed the Channel from France and came, on a bright Sunday morning, through Southampton into England, I've been asking myself a question.

You must understand I am a man past forty and an American who has never before set foot on English soil. I am a writer and, as is natural in one of my trade, have been trying all my life to catch, understand a little and put down in words my own impressions and feelings at vital moments of my life.

There is no doubt I am a typical American. An American friend who, a few days 'ago, met me

slouching through the streets of Oxford, spoke of me as representing to his mind Rip Van Winkle before the time of the great sleep. "At least, seeing you here in England brings into my mind any number of historic American characters," he explained. Later he named several, all unfortunately disreputable ones.

It is no doubt true. I am a typical American. There is no escape. Before me the traditional English reserve goes all to pieces. Perhaps the coming over here of so many American soldier boys had something to do with that. At any rate, people shout at me on the streets. "Hello, Yank," they say. Night after night I have walked in the streets of London and had it happen. It has been shouted at me in Piccadilly, in Whitechapel, on London Bridge. Little London street women have whispered it at me as I walked at night through Trafalgar Square, 'busmen have grinned and said it as they collected my fare, beggars have whined it, the sellers of newspapers have shouted it after me, and when I have turned and tried to stare all these people down, they have only winked and laughed.

All right then, being the typical American and accepting even the Yank—although I'm not a Yank at all but a Mid-American, an Ohio and Illinois man, which has about as much to do with being a Yank as being an English inn-keeper has to do with being a Frenchman—nevertheless I say, accepting the Yank and only calling back at them, "Hello yourself, you Johnny Bull," I've been trying to think my way through something ever since I landed in England.

What is the American attitude towards England and Englishmen?

And that really means, why is there always a little sore spot that keeps asserting itself when we want to warm up to you?

Before I go any deeper into this somewhat tangled affair, let me say that I do not believe it is political. In spite of all the things our newspapers and politicians say about the voice of a free people expressing itself through the ballot, most Americans are not, I believe, politically minded. When we think of you English people, we do not think of the Irish question or of any trouble you may be having in some one or a dozen of your Colonial possessions. We think of you as English people living in England.

Just at first, when I had but newly landed on your island and had been here but two or three days, I thought I knew just how I felt. I made for myself one of those broad strong phrases that are so satisfactory at first and so unsatisfactory later. At first the phrase made me proud and glad and cheery. It seemed so complete and clever.

"I love England and dislike the English." That was the phrase I made, and at first it seemed to fill me up and made me feel warm and self-satisfied and manly, like drinking a quart of good English ale.

And then the little devils of doubt came creeping in. I kept meeting individual Englishmen and English women I did like. I haven't met one yet I could dislike as an individual. Now I am beginning to wonder if the feeling I have could not be expressed in some such manner as this—that what I dislike in the English as a people, and what all Americans dislike, is that you seem to think you know us because we are your sons. We aren't at all, you know. That phase of our American life is passed. It is gone for ever. The pioneer days

are gone in America. The sons of the pioneers have passed into the making of the new American, and the daughters and granddaughters of these men are for the most part dying or going insane with loneliness and repression in the barren New England hills. They are really, you see, the last of the Yanks.

As regards England you must understand that we Americans, no matter what our blood may be—and it is much more likely to be a somewhat wild mixture of the blood of all the races than English blood—we are, I say, as regards England, in a somewhat peculiar position. We speak, read and write your language, all of us. You've got us there. A bond has been created that it will take a great deal of pulling and straining in opposite directions to break. But the bond that exists between us to-day is a spiritual and an intellectual bond. It is no longer a blood bond.

That is a thing I believe most English people do not understand. Let me illustrate.

I think the statement I have just made above—that we Americans speak, read and write the English language—would be challenged by a great many, perhaps by the majority of Englishmen. The difficulty is that too often the challenge would also be a taunt, and my point is that the taunt is unnecessary. It may be that we Americans are but corrupting a fine old language, but on the other hand it is just possible that we are making a new language, enriched by our own experiences of life in field, town and factory. At any rate it is true that any number of the younger American writers would not be at all hurt by the accusation that they do not write good English, while to say of them that they do not write good American would make them at once sit up and listen.

The truth is that all of us over there, Russians, Italians, Poles, Jews, Scandinavians, Germans, Irish, Scottish, English, do in a truly amazing short time stop being all of these things and we do become American. Something happens to us, and, if we chance to escape, it inevitably happens to our children.

I have, you see, named all of the races above, and that is only a part of them, and I have put England last because, in fact, in a modern American city or town, in Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati, or in smaller places like Springfield, Ohio or Kalamazoo, Michigan, English blood is one of the thinnest streams now flowing into the great river of American life.

But we speak, write and read the English language and, speaking, reading and writing the one language, the sons of all these races go to the public schools where they are taught to look up to and venerate your great English poets, dramatists and novelists. What a truly unbelievable assortment of Italian, Irish, German, Scandinavian and Polish boys have sat under trees near American factory towns to read 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' 'Oliver Twist' and 'Ivanhoe,' while they dreamed of England and English life!

The effect in a spiritual sense might be something quite magical. It isn't, because of that little sore spot. I wish I could put my finger fairly on it.

There is a struggle going on in America. No one quite understands it yet, although books and articles are constantly being written on the subject. We hope, many of us, that a quite distinct culture is being born, but we do not know yet what

it will be like and we do not fancy the feeling we get from so many Englishmen that they think they do know.

For example, what one of your English writers has ever come to us in a really inquiring mood? They come, get off the boat at New York, are asked at once by a reporter what they think of America, then they go on a lecture tour, make some money, and come home to write articles for American magazines regarding their impressions of America and make some more money.

The thing that we half-haltingly hope is growing up in America is of vital interest to some of us over there. Because of the spiritual bond always being renewed between England and America and because of our use of one language, we do look to you for a kind of brotherhood that, on the whole, we feel we do not get.

You see I am accusing you English of a kind of smugness in your attitude towards America. I think it exists because we do use the same language and because there has been in the attitude of many Americans towards at least your more cultured Englishmen what must often have looked like social and intellectual boot-licking. It may sometimes have been that and then, quite often, it may have been something else.

There is something childlike about us. I wish you would understand that. Even our sometimes offensive boasting about our mechanical progress and our wealth is child's boasting. We are dreadfully unsure. People who are sure do not need to boast.

One of our least known and perhaps crudest of American poets some time ago published a poem. One got a picture of him standing on a bridge over the Chicago River. About him was the smoke, the roar, the terrible rush of the modern American city. He at least realized that the black figures of men rushing past him were not men of a race that is made and that can be easily understood. After one line in which he cries, "By God, we'll love each other or die trying," he ends his poem with these two lines:—

"We'll come to understanding too,
In some grim way our own song shall come through."
"Hello, Yank, what about England?"

You see, I am trying to answer that question by a plea. It may be that you English are a made people, that you understand each other, and understand what you want out of your English life.

But I do think that, if I am right in my suspicions regarding your sureness as to what American life is, you are making a mistake, and that the mistake, if it goes on, will in the end do much to shred and make weak the bond that now exists between our two peoples.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

ART GREED

I BLUSH to apply the word Greed to such honourable and patriotic art bodies as the Trustees of the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the National Art-Collections Fund; and to such eager connoisseurs and workers in the public service as Mr. Charles Aitken, and Mr. Robert C. Witt. But what other word can I use? Roget does not help me. "Monopoly." "Hands off." "We ourselves." "Let London hold what London has." No! "Greed" must remain. But it is an un-

selfish-devotion-to-art kind of greed, and the trouble is, I suppose, that I should have acted in the way that Mr. Aitken, Mr. Witt, and the others acted, had I been in their shoes. But as an outsider, looking on, I feel that there was, and is a finer way.

Let me state this hard case: then the reader can judge.

There has been hanging in the Tate Gallery for ten years a remarkable picture by Millais, called, 'Christ in the Home of His Parents,' or 'The Carpenter's Shop,' and on a screen near by is an exquisite study for this picture, lent to the Tate Gallery by Lieut.-Col. H. F. Stephens, son of F. G. Stephens, one of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and for many years art critic of the *Athenæum*. Illustrations of the picture and the study for it are given on the next page. I have often wished that this study for 'The Carpenter's Shop' could hang beneath the picture, as the variations are most interesting, and the eyes long instantly to compare the two versions. Another study is owned by Mr. Charles Ricketts.

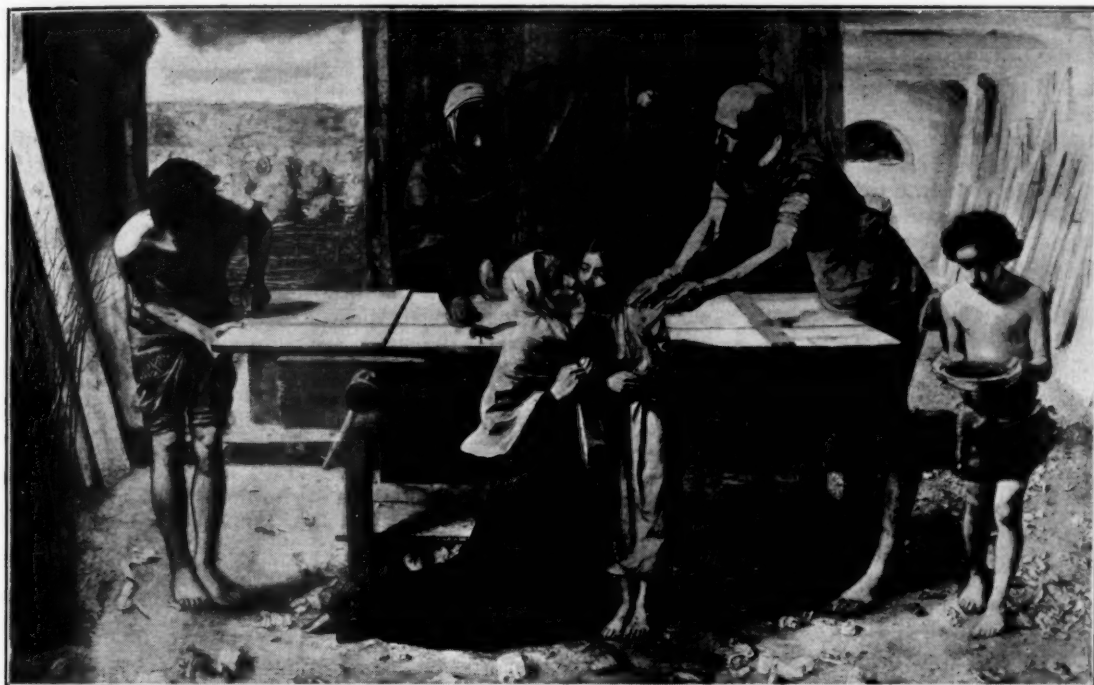
It is amazing to read with what salvoes of anger, disgust, and vituperation this serene, beautiful, accomplished, and fundamentally intensely religious picture was received, when it was first shown at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1850. *Blackwood* called it "ugly, graceless, unpleasant, displeasing, atrociously affected." A Royal Academician remarked that it was "pictorial blasphemy . . . an eccentricity both lamentable and revolting." Dickens described it in a leading article in *Household Words* as "mean, odious, revolting, and repulsive." The *Times* also employed the word "revolting," and added to it "disgusting."

As these critics have now all gone to higher life, I may leave them at peace, but my astonishment remains earthbound, that anybody should ever have felt anything but joy and pride in this Pre-Raphaelite masterpiece. It is an amazing production for a youth. Millais was twenty when he painted it, and it was preceded by 'Lorenzo and Isabella,' now at Liverpool, which was exhibited in 1849. In my present mood, after some days of dipping deepish into Millais, I should, if caught by the throat by an Art Gunman, and told to say, immediately, under penalty of being shot, who are the seven greatest British painters, reply, Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Turner, Constable, Crème, and Millais. The astonishing thing about Millais is that the finest work of this prodigy was done when he was a young man. He was still under thirty when he painted 'Autumn Leaves,' 'The Blind Girl,' 'The Huguenot,' 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford,' 'The Vale of Rest,' and 'Apple Blossoms.'

'The Carpenter's Shop' is a wonderful production for a boy of twenty. It is also a very desirable possession. So thought the authorities of the National Gallery of Melbourne, Australia: so eager were they to obtain this significant example by the ablest of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, that, some weeks ago, they offered to the owner of the picture, Mrs. Beer, or rather her executors, who had lent it to the Tate Gallery, the large, the immense sum of £10,000, no doubt thinking that such an offer was irresistible.

When Mr. Aitken, the smiling, corybantic keeper of the Tate Gallery, heard of this offer, he girded himself for the art war path; his art slogan was, "This picture, the most central and outstanding achievement of the Pre-Raphaelite Brother-

A PRE-RAPHAELITE MASTERPIECE.



From the picture at the Tate Gallery.

'CHRIST IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.'

AT THE TATE GALLERY.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.



By permission of the owner, Lieut.-Col. H. F. Stephens.

ORIGINAL STUDY FOR 'CHRIST IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.'

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

hood has hung in the Tate Gallery for ten years. It must not go. It shall not go. Help! Help!"

And help was forthcoming. The Trustees of the National and Tate Galleries made special grants of £1,000 and £750, and the National Art-Collections Fund set aside £2,500. Mr. Aitken waylaid a Friend of Art at the opening of the new rooms of the Tate Gallery, talked, pointed to the 'The Carpenter's Shop,' explained how far away Australia is, and obtained a promise of £1,000. Another Friend of Art, after seeing the picture, sent Mr. Witt £1,000. So on and so on. When the option ended on the 18th of last month, nearly £2,000 was wanting. Another Friend of Art guaranteed the sum, but hoped that it would be subscribed. The latest information is that all but £640 has been collected, and as still another Friend of Art is willing to stand for that sum, 'The Carpenter's Shop' is Ours.

Now for the minor in the carol. While the money for the purchase of 'The Carpenter's Shop' was being beguiled, with infinite discretion and camaraderie from our pockets, there were appearing in the papers sad, but civil little letters from Australians, pointing out that Australia is art-hungry; that she finds it very hard to obtain great pictures by British artists; that sending a picture to Australia is not like sending a picture to America; and that as England possesses so many great works by Millais, of all his periods, it would have been kind to let Melbourne have 'The Carpenter's Shop,' particularly as she had the courage to offer £10,000 for it, double the twentieth century price of most pictures by Millais, with the exception of 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford,' which fetched £8,190 in 1913.

An Australian, who had not seen the picture, argued that it is especially suitable to Australia, as through the open door of 'The Carpenter's Shop' may be seen a flock of sheep in a hurdle pen. That raises an interesting point. Shepherds, who do not happen to be artists, will not like the sheep. These animals, to use a French studio expression, are in the nature of *chic*. As everyone knows, the first two tenets of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood were, to have genuine ideas to express, and to study nature attentively, so as to know how to express them. The details of a picture were treated as objects of sight, not as objects of memory, and local colour was insisted upon, especially in the work of Ford Madox Brown and Holman Hunt, often with a complete disregard of tone and the unifying effect of atmosphere. It is on record how painstakingly Millais built up the objects of sight in 'The Carpenter's Shop.' How the picture was the "outcome of the combined brains of the Millais family"; how every detail was studied; how he would carry the picture to a carpenter's shop in the neighbourhood of Gower Street, where the family were then living, so that he might paint the interior direct from what he saw there; how once when he was asked how he could paint and talk with such gusto, he replied, tapping his head, "Oh, that's all right. I have painted every touch in my head, as it were, long ago, and have now only to transfer it to canvas." But the sheep! There were no sheep in Gower Street, and as Sending-in-Day was close at hand, there was no time to go into the country, so—here the ardent young Pre-Raphaelite wavered—Millais went "to a neighbouring butcher's, where he bought two sheep's

heads with the wool on, and from these he painted the flock."

Those sheep have always troubled me. The landscape peep is lovely, but the sheep are unconvincing. Even Millais's great skill could not paint a live flock from two heads with the wool on acquired from the butcher.

Yesterday a farmer-lawyer called upon me. He knows as little about art, as I of relativity. I showed him a photograph of 'The Carpenter's Shop,' that picture being uppermost in my mind. He scrutinised it inch by inch as if it were a palimpsest, and after a while said, "I like it all except the sheep."

"Why don't you like the sheep?" I asked?

"Because they're all wrong, the eyes and the ears—and no sheep has a straight line down the face from forehead to mouth."

But the sheep are right enough not to affect the beauty of this remarkable picture, which Australia wants and cannot get because of the *g*—(I cannot again write the word in full) of England. Cannot something be done? Could not 'The Carpenter's Shop' be lent to Melbourne for two years? That might be the beginning of a system of lending pictures from our abundance to the Dominions Beyond the Seas. Turner, for example, of whom England has more than she can show.

If this were done, how glad I should be to write an article called 'Art Courtesy,' or even 'Art Love.'

C. LEWIS HIND.

OXFORD

II.—THE STUDENT DISARMED

PERHAPS Oxford will never be so old again, nor quite so wise, nor quite so secretive, as she became in those last overwhelming stages of the war. It was as though intolerable age had suddenly swept down upon her and she no longer thought, as of old, with the mind of youth that filled her every street and was in every corner of her being, but with the mind of all her centuries. Very wonderful she seemed, but very old, and pitiful as was nothing else in the whole length of England. To those who knew her the rejuvenescence was not even a dream. It was not impossible or improbable; it was an idea that simply failed to occur. And indeed, however much of youth she may take to herself again, she can never be in all things exactly as once she was, for even the spirit of youth, despite the poets, is not immutable. Many and deep changes may at this moment be remarked, and though some will pass away with the present generation, some will surely endure.

Dons have borne witness on many festive occasions that they observe distinct aberrations from the time-honoured habits of ordinary undergraduates in pre-war days. Punctuality has become a rule almost oppressive to those set in authority; work has become a serious consideration; essays have become more normal phenomena than ingenious excuses for their non-appearance; tutors are looked upon with a respect not necessarily more sincere, but certainly more formal, than that of bygone days; lectures are more scrupulously attended; hours of work have become more clearly defined; social life has taken on a decidedly more sober hue.

These are a few of the many detailed indications

of change. Oxford has lost much of its broad geniality. Much of the gracious ease, which made her learning so genuinely humane, has departed. Probably it has departed for ever. The basis of the University is steadily broadening and, even in normal years of the future, the average financial status of the undergraduate will almost certainly be inferior to that of his predecessor before the war. To this new generation education is necessarily a more earnest thing. The economic pressure is much more insistent, and it is now exerted on many who, but for the war, would have been securely exempt from its operations.

In past ages the University student who, like Matthew Arnold's cunning workman in Pekin, laboured at early morn,

"And all day long and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands,"

was something of a literary ideal and, even as such, did not figure very largely. But he is likely to become a real and increasing element in the future.

One aspect of the earnestness may be noted more particularly in passing. "Schools," examinations of every kind, absorb an increasing proportion of intellectual activity. Economics dictate that we should provide ourselves with the best possible certificate before adventuring into a painfully economic world. Accordingly, although there are notable exceptions, the present is on the whole a bad day for the intellectual societies. There is no time for serious work at those elaborate papers which were the glory of the old days. Dons and other outside authorities are called upon in most cases, with a rather lamentable decline from independence. The undergraduate members are quite ready to come for a discussion. The habit of "public conversation" is growing, on the one side at the expense of real debating effort, on the other at the expense of those frequently celebrated fire-side controversies on all things in heaven and earth, which with the "tutorial system" were the fame of the older English Universities before the war. These tendencies are likely to develop in the future. There is no way of retrogression. For good or for evil, democracy demands her sacrifice. A page of history once turned is turned for ever. Many pleasant things must be surrendered.

But there is one feature of post-war Oxford which is less likely to be permanent. The last two years have been marked by a curious spirit of grimness which may be recognised as a direct legacy of war. It has been as though the lightest amusement was a matter to be approached with the most resolute determination. The post-war generation expected a great deal from life in ordinary peaceful times, and their demands on Oxford were peculiarly exorbitant. Their pleasurable hopes were almost boundless, and, despite a somewhat chilling contact with reality, they were determined that these expectations should be fulfilled. They forgot that they were really a little old for their years, that their senses were already jaded by the feverish contrasts of the war, that the natural reaction was rather to lethargy than to excitement. They were heroically clamorous for amusement and, on the whole, were full of an unconscious pathos. They could not realise either their own earnestness or their own age. Future generations are likely to be fully as earnest in many respects, but, with the rapid advent of a youth untrained to arms and free from a premature widening of outlook by early ex-

perience of foreign lands, spontaneity must assuredly reassert itself. Pleasure cannot for ever be taken as seriously as pain.

It has been a strange period, full of passionate indignations, of querulous restlessness, of sullen resentments and unformed discontents. Many have left Oxford, their courses half-completed, their consciousness obsessed with a feeling of futility, their hearts heavy with anger. Perhaps not all of these will come again with love in later years. But in so many other cases it has been a fascinating experience to watch the slow charm of Oxford triumph over the rebelliousness of the strange sons who came to her already so wise and so old in many of the ways of life. It may, perhaps, be said of her that she does not much urge to chivalrous questing or to high adventure, but as a healer of wounds she has no equal, as an interpreter of peace she stands alone.

Wherein the secret lies the boldest of men would scarcely undertake to explain, for many of those who came after the war, aided by Government grants, seemed superficially very unsusceptible to the gravity of age and the dignity of tradition. There was a very comprehensible impatience of "unpracticalness," and a great readiness to decry "typical donnishness" in any inconvenient restraint. Those who had been in residence before the war returned with an acute perception of deterioration. Those who were newly arrived were suspicious of every attempt at an artificial reaction to the former state of affairs. In Oxford, as everywhere else, there was every desire and every opportunity for satire at the expense of the visionary promised land, which was to be made fit for heroes. Hercules retired, was inclined to find every stable Augean and in need of his attention, and at the same time to suspect that he was being very inadequately paid for labours already performed.

Yet among those who have outlasted the hard years, however difficult their attitude towards life and towards themselves may be from that of the pre-war undergraduate, there is very little difference in their attitude to Oxford herself. That curious, impersonal love—which attaches to no person and to no other place—is not dependent on types of men or on particular moments. It is for all men and for all time, and it remains, as it has always been, indescribable. And therein lies the bewildering difficulty of diagnosing the present position. Whatever may be said, the Oxford tradition has been broken. It was broken by fate and the breach has been not altogether unconsciously maintained. Nor can it ever be concealed. Yet there is a constant furtive groping towards the past as though a frail thread still hung across the chasm and remained, however frail, electric with life.

E.

DRAMA

'THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD'

THE Playboy of the Western World,' now at the Court Theatre, is the only play I have seen which has for its central idea the simple and primæval blood-lust; the craving suppressed by our civilized habits, but never entirely bred out of us; the taint we inherit from un-

human ancestors, the mark of the beast—which is Man. There are plays, a-many, which pander to the unavowed blood-lust of an audience in fashions more or less devious and disguised, in stories of killing from motives patriotic, revengeful, or merely criminal; but, so far as I know, Synge alone has used as a dramatic theme the depraved passion that manifests itself in homicidal mania, in the nameless cruelties that men presumably civilized have been known to inflict on subject races, in the child's impulse to kill flies and torment animals, in repulsive forms of murder and the public pleasure in their details—the simple blood-lust and pleasure in blood for itself.

Synge's marvel of achievement is this. Taking as his theme the foulest instinct known to humanity, he has made its presentation endurable by his humour, his insight and sense of rhythmic beauty. Above all, perhaps, by his insight, whereof an example is his realization of the fact that the symptoms of intoxication are the same from whatever cause it proceeds, that the man excited by the taste of blood may be as naturally lyrical as the man excited by the fumes of wine or the passion of sexual love. The girls who come running to the parricide to press on him their homely little gifts are exalted by the reek and savour of blood to the condition of happy generosity that in others is the product of champagne. Theirs is the first and pleasant stage of intoxication; the other, the repulsive, comes later, when Pegeen, in the fury of balked craving, applies torture by fire to the man she had loved when she had thought him the slayer of his father. Deprived of the scent and taste of blood, she is a drug-fiend, raging for morphia.

It is a matter of theatrical history that the first performance of 'The Playboy' ended in a fury of protest. Subsequent Irish (and apparently all English) audiences have agreed to accept it as an entertainment amusing and incredible; I have heard it described as a satire, a poem and a jest. It may be a satire, a poem and a jest; but it is also a revelation of that bestial side of our human nature which is so persistent and so near the surface that any overthrow of government, any sudden relaxation of the reins of authority, involves, almost of necessity, an outburst of throat-cutting and devilry, the side of our nature whose minor and everyday activities are dealt with by societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and the beasts dependent on us. If the author himself saw his play as a jest, the fact would merely be proof that he was close kin to the children of his brain; a poet possessed of the mentality of the Aran Islander who (as Mr. Jack Yeats has recounted) calls his friends and neighbours to rejoice with him at the laughable sight of a swollen face and the tears and moans of the sufferer.

Irish politics being what they are, one could almost find it in one's heart to wish that Synge had worked out his study of human foulness in an atmosphere less controversial. If there were no Irish problem, or if the scene were laid in his own country, the average Englishman would not have to study other people's susceptibilities to the extent of making believe that blood-lust is merely an excuse for humour, that bestiality is one and the same as the rhythm in which it is expressed. Far be it from me to assert that the original audience at the Abbey Theatre was justified in its riot of protest; but the mere fact of the riot is a sufficiently sturdy proof that the original audience saw something in

'The Playboy of the Western World' that we do not allow ourselves to notice.

The Irish peasant, no doubt, is afflicted with his full share of primitive savagery; but, equally without doubt, he has no monopoly of the blood-lust. I, myself, have seen it in everyday London, in the eyes of certain human creatures who were watching a man in danger of his life on a scaffolding; in the hope unspoken, but none the less there, of seeing when he lost his hold and died. And I have heard it in the voice of an ordinarily mild-mannered little English girl as she dilated on the agonies of the forcibly-fed suffragette and insisted that sacrifice of life would be necessary for the ultimate triumph of the cause. Others—if they care to think of them—must have had similar experiences; experiences revealing unexpectedly our nearness, our intolerable nearness, to the primitive creature that licks its lips at the taste of blood and hungers for the smell of sacrifice.

Perhaps the makers of political Utopias and worlds fit for heroes would come fewer croppers if all congresses and committees for promoting these desirable forms of dwelling-place were forced, as a preliminary, to sit through a performance of 'The Playboy.' Even the most hidebound and amiable of theorists (unless he were switched off the track by being told that it was a joke, incredibly tasteless), might arise from contemplation of its three pregnant acts with a dim understanding of a certain stubborn fact: that the Beast in Man is the most formidable of the many dragons that drive us from the gates of Utopia. With, as a possible result, less fervid oratory, fewer visions and ideals, and more attention to fundamental obstacles.

Often as I have read 'The Playboy of the Western World,' I never saw it on the stage till its present revival at the Court, and I am therefore unable to hazard an opinion as to whether the acting has bettered or worsened since the Irish players first made it an item in their repertory. But whatever the acting may have been in the past, in the present it seemed to me intensely right; a revelation alike of the humour, the depravity, the poetry and the foulness that Synge has woven into drama.

'BY ALL MEANS, DARLING'

There are plays and occasions when one sympathises deeply with an author; seeing clearly what he meant by certain lines or characters, and contrasting it with the method or achievement of those who are supposed to interpret him. And there are likewise occasions when one is filled with respectful pity for the actor, striving honourably and steadily to make bricks without the necessary straw. I trust that Miss Kate Cutler and Mr. J. H. Roberts did not need all the sympathy I felt for them in 'By all Means, Darling,' at the Comedy; they may have found an interest in their very difficulties, and it is even possible that they experienced a friendly pleasure in familiar jests and situations. The new idea, when one comes to think of it, is usually repellant; we start from it, as a dog starts back from an unfamiliar object, and sniff round cautiously before we accept and take a liking to it. Instinctive dislike of the new idea is a psychological fact which accounts for the existence of a good many plays; including, possibly, the play known as 'By all Means, Darling.'

CICELY HAMILTON.

VERSE

NOCTURNE

FIVE planets pour their slow
Dream melodies around,
Everything below
Is drunken with sound;

Dew-dropping melodies
Off many a wakened bough
All shivers, fades and dies . . .
You can hear silence now.

EYNSFORD CUTTING

THE great North lines run straight, yet
sweeter far
The Kentish cutting where my wall-flowers
are;

Marguerites, nodding above the line,
Hopfields, dappled warm with the sunshine;
For the trains that saunter by,
Leisurely, most leisurely,
Say, with slow, contented puff,
And fast enough! And fast enough!
Faith! In hurry who would be,
To puff from Kent to Battersea?

ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

ASIATIC DISLIKE & EUROPEAN TRADE

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

SIR,—The serious rioting recently reported near Madras where ten thousand strikers came into conflict with the police: the disturbances in Bombay and Calcutta organised as a protest against the conviction of Caliphate Volunteers; and the enticing away of over ten thousand coolies from a group of European tea-estates in Assam, are only a few of the many ways in which unrest is showing itself in the East. The frequent collisions, many of them sanguinary, between Asiatics and Europeans in the East, come as a shock to the Westerner; and when these events occur in British territory the Englishman's perplexity increases, for he believes that British justice is still as sure and as impartial as of old. But the proud boast of the Englishman that his rule is just and of scientific accuracy and that therefore he should be welcomed by the Asiatic, has no real meaning unless sufficient allowance be made for the point of view of the latter. For the Asiatic is not delighted with justice *per se*—but he wants justice more on his own lines which, in the white man's eyes, is often not justice at all. This is why the Asiatic prefers the rule of his own nationality because his motives are better understood and provided for.

When the same individual frequently comes across the somewhat mysterious phrases 'East and West' or 'Europe and Asia,' he feels, in an unaccountable way, that he is a western representative of some unchanging principle of separateness which divides the two continents, and that his Asiatic rival, as it were, faces him across a gulf of mutual unintelligibility and dislike. This outlook is due

to the habit of regarding such events as isolated occurrences instead of seeking their explanation in that formidable tangle of conflicting interests, rival creeds, and divergent ideals which from time immemorial has separated the East from the West.

What, then, is the cause of this fundamental struggle between Europe and Asia? It is not a question of mere colour, for the Asiatic does not dislike the European because he is white. Moreover, it was the white man who threw down the taunt of colour and thereby accentuated the antagonism that is now bearing the inevitable and bitter fruit. It is not even that the Asiatic differs from the European in all the essentials of life, in colour and in creed, in ethics and in ideals. It would seem that the cause lies in the fact that the white man has both shown and enforced his superiority and that the Asiatic is conscious of an inherent and incurable inferiority in vigour to the European. The Asiatic, in short, is suffering from a form of wounded pride not unlike the feeling that the French *bourgeoisie* had for the old French nobility. The Asiatic has grown tired of being somebody's burden or somebody's problem and demands to be treated as an entity, whose interests must receive consideration independent of its effect on the western world. The demand, in fact, is for equality—an equality without any implication of inferiority, political or social.

On all sides, there is growing evidence that this question, the question of the relations between Europe and Asia, will prove to be one of the most poignant problems which the twentieth century will have to face and, if possible, to solve. The time has passed when it could any longer be regarded as one only for politicians and publicists. It has now definitely become a matter of vital importance not only to the business community but also to the general public. To give only one illustration. India is Lancashire's best foreign customer for manufactured cotton goods. Egypt is one of the main sources of Lancashire's raw material. If both of these countries, now moving towards autonomy—and autonomy connotes fiscal as well as political freedom—decided to erect artificial barriers to trade, as Europe has done, the effect on the economic and therefore on the social system of Europe would be far-reaching, if not disastrous.

Yours, etc.,

PERCY SWEETING.

IRISH PEACE AND ITS ENEMIES

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

SIR,—When extreme tact is of the very essence of success in the present Irish situation, it would obviously be criminal to write one word that might in any way add to the difficulties or hinder the chances of those engaged in its solution. But it is for this very reason that I feel an energetic protest should be added to yours of last week against those seeking, no less actively and the more dangerously because by indirect methods, to hinder and finally to stultify the efforts of the negotiators.

That there is a strong and active body of opinion against the policy of settlement is, of course, well-known. And I would add to those who are wilfully malevolent all those thoughtless if well-meaning persons who by their ignorant outpourings, whether in the press or Parliament,

prejudice the peace parleys, and so bring the country nearer to the disaster which assuredly and inevitably awaits the failure to agree. On the side of disaster there is, first, a military party among both the Crown and the Sinn Fein forces. For while the truce has been observed with admirable and universal loyalty, signs have not been wanting that a great body of military opinion—wittingly or unwittingly—is working for disruption. In proof I may cite, on the Crown side, the trouble over the Habeas Corpus writs served on the three capitally-condemned prisoners, and on the side of Sinn Fein, the refusal of their Liaison Officer to co-operate with the British military on the ground of unrecognised status.

Mr. Lloyd George has obviously many intrigues against him in this matter, and he will have to stick tight to his guns, if he really means once and for all to solve our Irish troubles.

Nor is he aided in his delicate task by the ill-judged guess-work of irresponsible journalists, the ill-timed questions of garrulous politicians, or the ill-disposed criticism of bigots. It is patently absurd to attempt to pre-judge conditions which not only have not yet been agreed upon, but which are not yet even known, and—if we may believe the Lord Chancellor in his reply (which was also a rebuke) to Lord Salisbury last week in the House of Lords—have not, indeed, even been rigidly or finally formulated. At a time when reticence is essentially desirable, such meddling is much more than mischievous.

But against those who, whether of design or ignorance, would wreck the negotiations, the Premier has one remedy to which, if we may again trust the Lord Chancellor, he and his well-disposed colleagues are alive. If it comes to an appeal to the electorate he will obtain an overwhelming sanction; for the country, once aroused to the importance of the problem, will not rest until it is rid of that problem for ever. It is quiet but determined, and if Mr. Lloyd George will be bold to disregard political bargaining and will only come forth, as of old, with all his tremendous moral fervour and persuasiveness, the people will flock to his standard. Thus Ireland and the Empire may be saved.

Yours, etc.,

G. REID.

'THE ARABIAN NIGHTS'

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

SIR,—I was pleased to see in your last issue the letter by Mr. Davis commending the 'Arabian Nights,' which I read as a boy in a volume procured by the primitive method of barter, and have re-read in later years. Mr. Davis speaks of "Stanley Lane-Poole's excellent translation." I was not aware that that distinguished Orientalist ever translated the 'Nights' himself; but he certainly edited for Messrs. Bell the version made by Edward William Lane and laboriously collated by his father Edward Stanley Poole. This translation is attractive in its way, but those who read for the story may be bored by the little moral or illustrative verses interposed, which are often of no particular merit. Lane was, of course, a past master of the Oriental lore gathered in the 'Nights,' and wrote better

English than Burton, as Mr. Davis suggests. But I think a plea should be put forward for the usual version in English, a translation from the work of Galland. For one thing, it preserves such forms as "vizier" and "genie," which, however inaccurate to the specialist, have by this time become English, so that any divergence from them seems unnatural. A "djinni" or "djinn," as my Oriental friends write, does not appeal to the average reader as a "genie" does. A "wezer" (vizier) looks to-day like horrid pedantry. I observe that Lane writes "Mohammad," but "Mahomet," which Gibbon used, is good enough for me. I am even satisfied with the belief that in the '1001 Nights' the odd one was given in as *baksheesh*.

Galland's French translation after discovery of the Arabic original (1704-7) is really one of the great literary events of the eighteenth century. The whole history of the 'Nights' is obscure; their contents and composition are alike uncertain. Doubtless, like the Book of Job and other Oriental stories, they started in oral form, and it is now impossible to decide the genuineness of various accretions. Certain it is that two stories not in the text Lane translated are among the most popular and best-known, those of 'Aladdin' and 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves.' Where would the 'Nights' be without them, or, I may add, the pantomime producers of the twentieth century? Yet they occur in no manuscript or printed text of the collected tales. The world owes a great deal to Galland, and the general reader, if I may trust a pretty wide experience, will continue to owe more to him than to Burton, Lane or Payne.

From Mr. Pickthall's book of 'Oriental Encounters' the reader may perceive that the East is still a charming source of story. Perhaps this is because the East still believes so much more than the West—which may in these days be accounted a savage quality.

Yours, etc.,

CANTAB.

'SANITY AND THE NEAR EAST'

To the Editor of the Saturday Review.

SIR,—In the very interesting leading article 'Sanity and the Near East' you speak of Reservations and say there must be "a Greek regime in the Port of Smyrna." Why?

I was in Smyrna for four months prior to the Greek landing, which took place on May 15, 1919. The deeds of the Hellenic forces on that day made an indelible impression on the minds of Western Europeans who happened to witness them. Had proper heed been taken by the Supreme Council, the Greeks would have been requested to clear out of Smyrna, bag and baggage, and not a vestige of a Greek regime ought to have been allowed to remain.

I had a further experience of life in Smyrna for ten months after the coming of the Greeks. During the fourteen months I had many transactions with the Ottoman authorities.

Relations with the Hellenic regime are the less pleasant recollection.

Yours, etc.,

LOWTHER NOEL.

REVIEWS

THE GREATEST OF BRITISH GENERALS

The Wars of Marlborough: 1702-9. By Frank Taylor. With an Introduction by John Fortescue. Oxford. Basil Blackwell. 2 vols. 50s. net.

ALTHOUGH British students of war have had long to wait for an adequate account of the campaigns of Marlborough, "the greatest of British Generals," as he is justly appraised by no less an authority on British generals than the historian of the British Army, they will share Mr. Fortescue's satisfaction at being given at last in the volumes before us, "the best account that has yet appeared of John, Duke of Marlborough, as a director of war and as a commander in the field." This satisfaction is tempered by a fervent but sterile wish that the late Mr. Taylor's work could have been published some years ago, in time for its valuable lessons to be learnt by soldiers and statesmen alike before they were confronted with the complex problems of a great war on land in Europe. To quote Mr. Taylor:—

"Nobody expects that the average civilian should be versed in the technical details of the military profession. But every people which claims to govern itself is morally bound, if it values its national independence, to arrive at a correct understanding of the strategical factors which should govern its action in the event of war."

The outstanding lessons of the wars of Marlborough are the paramount importance of unity of command in the armies of an Alliance and the extreme difficulty of attaining it. Even after the wonderful campaign of Blenheim, when the high quality of the British Army and the military genius of its commander were fully revealed to an amazed world, the difficulty of co-ordinating the operations of the Allies remained. At no time

"could Marlborough devote his undivided attention to his own command. Knowing that whatever was done in one theatre reacted sooner or later on the operations in every other, he always regarded the immense contest as an organic whole. His own marches, battles and sieges never absorbed so much of his energy that he had none to bestow on the problems arising out of the higher strategy of the war. Indeed, the more his outstanding genius came to be acknowledged, the more he grew to be regarded as strategist-in-chief of the Grand Alliance."

Unfortunately even the "strategist-in-chief of the Grand Alliance" could only advise, beg, pray, cajole the several members of the Alliance to accept his appreciation of the strategical situation at any given moment. More often than not that advice, entreaty, prayer and cajolery, were thrown away through the obstinacy of some one or more of the Allies whose rulers were unable to understand a wider point of view and to see the war as a whole. For proof of this statement we must refer the reader to Mr. Taylor's pages, where he will find a series of admirable studies of the politico-strategical problems which critically affected the conduct of the War of the Spanish Succession. If Marlborough had not been as great a statesman as he was a general, the innate vices of the Grand Alliance would have brought it crashing to the ground before France succumbed to what we should now call "a war of attrition," although relieved

by such great names as Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet.

That war of attrition need never have been, had Marlborough the General been in a position to impose his will upon the Allies: the fruits of Blenheim would have been reaped at Paris by an invasion of France from the East as in 1814 and 1870.

Admirable as is Mr. Taylor's study of Marlborough as a director of war and as a commander in the field, we must dissent strongly from his judgment on the ethical aspect of his hero's behaviour to James II. and William III. In spite of the author's special pleading it is impossible to admit that the end justifies the means, which is the core of the argument that Mr. Taylor advances to clear Marlborough of the double charge of treason to his sovereign and desertion in the face of the enemy. For instance, we find Mr. Taylor laying down the doctrine:—

"For the leader of a rebellion or the maker of a revolution morality means, or should mean, something more than a righteous quarrel. He is bound by the strongest sanctions to be satisfied, before he so acts, of the prospects of success. . . . For him, therefore, to divorce morality from expediency is in the highest degree immoral."

And again:—

"There are some precisians who consider that even if duplicity can be excused, the military crime of desertion is unpardonable. But Churchill's duty as an officer of the King's Army stands upon the same footing as his other duties to the King, whose friend and trusted servant he was."

In regard to the first argument, which justifies revolution by success, we can only suggest that it covers the French Jacobins and the Russian Bolsheviks alike, while the second argument was dealt with tersely but effectively by the veteran Marshal Schomberg when he welcomed Churchill in William's camp at Axminster with the cutting greeting "that he was the first lieutenant-general he had ever heard of that had deserted from his colours."

As a guide to the wars of Marlborough, and not as a text-book of ethics, we commend this book to every student of war, especially to those who belong to that army which the genius of John, Duke of Marlborough, raised to the highest pinnacle of fame.

A GOOD ANTHOLOGY

Selections from Modern Poets. Made by J. C. Squire. Martin Secker. 6s. net.

WHAT we expect in an anthology is twofold. We expect beauty, and we expect unity. Moreover, the one should inform the other, so that we perceive the beauty to be that which gives the unity.

Mr. Squire has made a good anthology, but not an altogether satisfactory one. He seems to have fallen between two stools. He wanted, naturally, to fill his 469 pages with good poems, and he wanted, evidently, to illustrate or embody a tradition, a development, a tendency. Both desires were laudable: but the attempt to fulfil the latter has militated somewhat against the former.

Our one serious criticism of Mr. Squire's selection is, in short, that the unity of what he here provides is distinct from the beauty. Plenty of beauty there is, and that, after all, is the main thing. Who-

ever spends six shillings on this book will furnish himself with a delightful companion. He will find many old favourites, and many interesting experiments. Mr. Squire's selection would probably not be, in all details, anyone else's: Mr. Squire, like all actual or potential anthologists (and every human being is a potential anthologist) is a human being, with prejudices as well as judgment. Not that we propose to indicate what, in our opinion, he ought to have put in at the expense of what, in our opinion, he ought to have left out. To match one fallible judgment against another is a fascinating game, but invidious and useless. Criticism, to be useful, must have a principle.

The purely external limit which Mr. Squire has imposed upon himself is as good as any other. He writes: "No poet represented in this book was over fifty when, in 1919, I began to compile it. The eldest of them all was born in 1870." And he adds, justly: "The date, 1870, was arbitrarily chosen: so would any other date have been." The only question left on this point is whether Mr. Squire, having decided upon a limit which automatically excluded Mr. Hardy, Mr. Housman, Mr. Yeats, Mr. Kipling, Mrs. Meynell, and, in a word, most of the best living poets, was wise to try to fill 469 pages at all. There is scarcely anything in his book which was never worth printing in any form or connection; but somehow in an anthology one wants, one expects, something essential—a higher power, so to speak, of poetry, than in the ordinary volume. And one doubts whether the younger poets of the present collection have not, by the mere size of the collection, been put to too severe a test.

Not that our age is poor in poetry. It is rich. It is even exceptionally rich. Mr. Squire understates his case when he says:—

"Should our literary age be remembered by posterity solely as an age during which fifty men had written lyrics of some durability for their truth and beauty, it would not be remembered with contempt. It is in that conviction that I have compiled this anthology."

In judging whether the younger poets here represented—and well represented, for Mr. Squire's choice from each is subtle, individual and constructive—are equal to the test applied, we have to ask what answer other generations would have furnished to the same test. The Elizabethan age would have met it triumphantly, and the best period of the seventeenth century, and the opening years of the nineteenth, and the most dazzling years of Victoria. But no period of the eighteenth century would have met it satisfactorily: yet Great Britain produced a fair number of great poets in the eighteenth century.

Our age is rich, and rich specifically, as Mr. Squire points out, in lyric, like the seventeenth century. Memory calls up the heavenly hackneyed phrases:—

"But at my back I always hear,
Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie,
Deserts of vast eternity,
But felt through all this fleshly dress,
Bright shoots of everlastingness."

Not the seventeenth century itself, of course, could furnish a large volume of poetry kept to that level. Those are the heights, the lightnings, the sudden glories. But we must bear them in our minds as touchstones for the rest. How many poets in Mr. Squire's selection have this magical eternal qual-

ity? The great essential imaginative phrase is the measure of poetry. Who is to be judged a poet? Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, for one, with his

"Let all the spaces round the world be white";

his

"Obeying beauty as air obeys a cry;
Yea, one thing made of beauty and thee,
As steel and a white heat are made the same!"

Mr. Hodgson, again, with his

"The babble-wren and nightingale
Sang in the Abyssinian vale
That season of the year!"

or his own singing of the song

"That makes the bells of Heaven to peel
Round pillows frosty with the feel
Of Death's cold finger-tips."

And Mr. de la Mare, with

"Who said, 'Peacock Pie'?
The old King to the sparrow:
Who said, 'Crops are ripe'?
Rust to the harrow:
Who said, 'Where sleeps she now?'
Where rests she now her head,
Bathed in Eve's loveliness'?—
That's what I said."

From all these three, and assuredly from Mr. W. H. Davies, one could quote many such passages—gleams of essential imagination, in which the beauty of the world seems caught and held for immortality. There are a few other poets among those included in this volume who occasionally touch the same note, though more rarely than the four I have named. Mr. Masfield certainly does it pretty often; but then he, through no fault of Mr. Squire's (who could not get permission to print his own favourites), is here represented with a miserable inadequacy. James Elroy Flecker may be quoted as an example of a poet with great gifts, of passion and of music, whose work—though always good to read and remember—one would somehow hesitate to call great poetry, in the sense in which Mr. Hodgson's 'Song of Honour,' or Mr. de la Mare's 'Song of the Mad Prince,' is a great poem. (And yet—one wonders! 'The Old Ships'? Posterity will be hard to please if it does not give thanks for that).

Thanks is really the note on which one ought to end. It would be easy to reel off the names of some twenty writers, among those who have contributed to Mr. Squire's anthology, who are real poets—suggestive, musical, thoughtful. Some of them may even develop into great poets. It is too soon to tell. Meanwhile one can be grateful to them for what they have written already, and to Mr. Squire for collecting it. And we heartily regret that Mr. Squire has included no poems of his own.

THE TRAGEDY OF IRELAND

An Enthusiast. By Miss E. E. Somerville.
Longmans. 8s. 6d. net.

'THE ENTHUSIAST' is written by E. E. Somerville, "in collaboration with Martin Ross." The statement is made on the title-page, and any comment on it would be a breach of decent manners. We accept it as it stands and open the book with expectations of delight. For surely none of our contemporary novelists have given more

pleasure to their readers than these two ladies. How has their power of charming us stood the test of time? The question must be asked by any one who loves and admires their work. The answer is not very easy to give. There is a certain quality which we miss in this book, which we missed in 'Mount Music' too—light-heartedness. The humour and the wit are here still. The turns of Anglo-Irish speech—never caught and reproduced so well by any one else—are still a pure joy. Is anything, even in 'The Irish R.M.,' better than Tom McLoughlin's description of the weather?

"I rose when it was making day, and says I to myself, 'There's rain on it,' but I'm thinking now that 'twill shtagger on till th' evening."

Or take Mr. Adam's account of Owen Begley's anger when the Sinn Feiners ate his bacon:—

"He wouldn't be satisfied with sitting down, but he should stand up to be cursing them."

Or Coyne's complaint:—

"I've got a cough that would split a stone. It's playing on me now since the first time I got the 'fluency."

But the story is a tragedy, and even when we laugh, we miss the joyousness of the older books. Perhaps this is inevitable. 'An Enthusiast' gives us a picture of life in a disturbed part of Ireland in the summer and autumn of 1920. Could any one be joyous there and then? The gentry, a sorry remnant of a once great class, are bitter, cynical and helpless. The best of the people, Eugene Cashen, the Sinn Fein leader, and Father Hugh Macnamara are bewildered, sad and helpless. "I'm sick of it all, bloodshed and burning, and going from bad to worse," says Eugene the idealist. "I'm heartsick of Ireland," says Father Hugh. Only Nicholas Coyne, wallowing in inconceivable meanness and corruption, is satisfied with Ireland as it is. Perhaps Jimmy Ryan is not wholly dissatisfied. He is a prosperous farmer, who accepts corruption as inevitable and settles down to make the best of things. Can any one cure the soul of this Ireland, of its bribery, lies, greed and spite? The gentry have given up trying, if they ever tried. The church, Father Hugh at least, is in despair. The hero of the book, Dan Palliser the enthusiast, was foredoomed to failure, because his spirit was too fine for the work, and he could not even understand the iniquity which surrounded him. Could Eugene Cashen have done anything, or would he only have justified his nickname, Eugene-the-Talk? The man was a political fanatic, narrow of intellect, with a half-starved intelligence, though he had a great heart and clean hands. The police arrested him, carried off to imprisonment the only man in the neighbourhood who might have done some good, if indeed even he had the power.

This is the tragedy of Ireland, the spiritual tragedy, surely never set forth more movingly than here. Alongside of it is the other, more obvious, tragedy of the shootings, burnings, violence, fear and hate. And added to that is the third tragedy of Dan Palliser's private life. It moves us least of the three, and it seems as if the author's touch were less sure in dealing with it. But perhaps, in order to reach the supreme gloom of the last scene, it was inevitable that Dan, soldier, honourable gentleman and patriot, should have been fooled by a light woman.

ENGLISHMAN AND AMERICAN

Reflections of a Financier. By Otto H. Kahn. Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.

First Impressions in America. By John Ayscough. John Long. 16s. net.

TO few Americans do Englishmen owe so great a debt as to Mr. Otto Kahn. Although born of German parents, he threw his whole influence on the side of the Allies from the very beginning of the war. By speeches, by articles in the newspapers, and by his own example he was largely instrumental in bringing the great Jewish masses of his adopted country to realize the issue which was before them. And after America had entered as a belligerent, he staked not only his reputation, but his career on his convictions. Had the Allies lost, the great firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, which Mr. Kahn represents, would have collapsed, and he himself would have sunk into obscurity.

'Reflections of a Financier' is a book which warms the heart. Apart from its shrewd analysis of the world's economic situation, and its devastating yet creative criticism of faulty taxation, not only in America but in Europe, it is remarkable because through the maze of figures and hard facts there is discernible the loveable picture of a capitalist of whom we have all dreamed, but seldom met. Mr. Kahn is the ideal financier. Not every man in his position could say, as honestly as he does:—

"It is for those occupying dominant places in commerce and finance to show cause why they should be considered fit persons to be entrusted with their positions, the test being not merely ability, but just as much, if not more, character, self-restraint, fair-mindedness, and due sense of duty towards the public. We business men must more and more get out of the seclusion of our offices, to get to know the people and get known by them. That won't hurt our dignity. . . ."

It is significant that of all his critics, none is warmer in his praise than Mr. J. H. Thomas, who contributes a valuable introduction to the book.

Although Mr. Kahn is so staunch a supporter of the Allies, some of his remarks on the European situation sound strangely like that *enfant terrible* of the Peace Conference, Mr. Keynes. He states, with all the force of his experience, the unwelcome fact that a peace treaty based on revenge will defeat its own object. He tells how he had hoped and believed that the Allied Powers would have "sufficient wisdom, fairness and enlightened care of their own interest, so to interpret the Peace Treaty as to make the burden of atonement which Germany is rightly called upon to bear, one possible of being borne. It is not a matter of sentiment, still less of sentimentality or undue leniency towards Germany. It is purely a matter of looking facts in the face."

"I have been at pains" [he writes] "to read through the Peace Treaty, including the Covenant, from beginning to end. I laid it away sore at heart and sickened. The Treaty falls grievously, most grievously, short of realizing the high hopes of the world for a peace worthy of the spirit which animated the Allies and America during the war. It falls short, in spirit and in letter, of realizing declarations solemnly made and even of abiding by pledges formally given."

It is because of this that he refuses to support the present League of Nations. He quotes a letter

from "a distinguished English Liberal," (whose name is not disclosed, although we would guess that it was Earl Grey), as saying:—

"If you are to ask the world to guarantee the world's peace, it is essential to begin by establishing a foundation on which peace can stand. This Treaty has done the exact opposite. *It has established conditions full of menace for the future, and it asks the League of Nations to guarantee that they shall continue. It is asking too much.*"

That is an illuminating, albeit a tragic statement. As the late Theodore Roosevelt said in the preface which he wrote to Mr. Kahn's preceding volume, "Mr. Kahn has his face set toward the light."

A very different type of book is 'First Impressions in America,' by John Ayscough (the Right Rev. Monsignor Count Francis Bickerstaffe-Drew). It is the record of a nine months' tour of the United States in the capacity of lecturer to American Catholic Institutions. John Ayscough appears to have had the time of his life, but there is a great deal in his book which will interest nobody but the author—for instance, remarks such as that "it was with real regret that we parted from the Whiggams and the Ferris Smiths at New York, and it would always be a pleasure to meet them again."

However, for those who have visited America it is a pleasant enough book to take up at odd moments, for it has a value that lies in the spontaneity and vividness of its descriptive passages.

* INTERNATIONAL ADMINISTRATION

Allied Shipping Control: An Experiment in International Administration. By J. A. Salter, C.B. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. net.

THE Allied Maritime Transport Council came into existence in March 1918, and came to an end on April 7, 1919. Its life was short, but its work was of supreme importance; and it may without exaggeration be said to have been one of the chief causes of the Allies' final victory. The Secretary to the Council, Mr. John Salter, who is now Secretary to the Reparations Commission, has given us a most valuable account of the whole of Allied shipping control in the new book published as one of the 'Studies in the Economic and Social History of the World War.' The book is issued under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace; but the British sections are edited by a special editorial board. The scheme is to obtain a statement of events by persons who have actually had a share in shaping those events, or have been in close administrative relation to the circumstances with which they deal. Indeed, we can expect nothing better from the scheme than this first book on the Maritime Council; for Mr. Salter has produced a book of first-rate importance. If all administrators could give as good an account of public affairs, history would not be so difficult to write in future years. Mr. Salter not only gives a vivid impression of the danger of defeat by submarine, which was hardly acknowledged in 1917; but he is also able to state clearly the general conclusions to which war experiments point. The first part of the book deals with British shipping control, from the point of view of one who saw the shipping situation during the

early years of the war as one whole. The difficulties were met from time to time; but at the end of 1916 the new difficulties from submarine warfare were acute; and in April 1917 the success of the German submarines was so great that all our military effort would have been in vain, if the convoy system and the central control of the Ministry of Shipping had not been established. The common needs of the Allies which had already compelled common action for obtaining supplies, then further compelled the formation of an international administration for shipping under the Maritime Transport Council. From his experience of the work of this Council and its Executive Mr. Salter draws important conclusions in regard to the work of a League of Nations. He points out an important distinction in international administration—the supersession of a national executive by an international body having a definite sphere of action, and, on the other hand, the influencing of national executives by an international Council which does not take away any of the powers of a national administrative office. It seems, indeed, more than possible that the League of Nations will never become a World Government; for the States and the bureaucracies of modern times are already too large. The World-State is a false ideal. The League, however, may directly influence every national executive, whenever any Government's action is likely to affect other Governments. The League will then become a new form of Federal Government, not superseding or limiting national administration, but affecting the policy of each as the Allied Maritime Transport Council affected the policy of the Shipping Controllers of the different Allied countries.

Whether we agree or not with Mr. Salter's assumptions and conclusions, clearly his book is not simply a record of dead facts. It provides good political science for the use of statesmen and citizens who are capable of thinking. But the very excellence of the political thinking has involved omissions of important facts of which it would have been interesting to hear an inside opinion. The fact that Japan did not "come in" with the other Allies in their international use of their shipping is not discussed; nor is the advantage gained by Japanese shipping noticed. Again, the effectiveness of French shipping control is not criticised, nor are French and Italian methods described. But one of the great problems of all international administration is the trustworthiness of each of the partners in the enterprise; and it is not, therefore, enough to show how the British can follow an international policy. It is probably, however, unfair to Mr. Salter to expect him to let too many cats out of the bag.

MAGAZINES & QUARTERLIES

The *Fortnightly* devotes less of its space than usual to literary papers. The late Dr. Crozier furnishes us with 'The Key to Emerson,' and asserts that "he is as clean-cut, compact and harmonious a thinker as either Plato, Bacon or Herbert Spencer." It is a question for most of us whether a writer who "requires many readings to fully understand him," and whose style is so vague, is worthy the trouble of such study. Mr. Arthur Symonds writes on Sir Richard Burton with reminiscences of Swinburne. Miss Gertrude Kingston

gives a gay account of the Repertory Theatre at Cologne, and a diary of travel in France just "after Elba" by Miss Trant is good reading. Mr. Lacon Watson speaks up for the all-round man in sport in 'Taking our Pleasures Sadly.' There is a paper on the natural frontiers of Italy by the late Mr. R. A. Ussher, but people seem to forget that even under Rome Gallia Cisalpina occupied a large part of the north of the peninsula.

Blackwood still keeps up its position as giving the best light reading of any of our monthlies. The elephant tales of Mr. Warrington Smyth are excellent. Mr. Graham's story comes to its unavoidable conclusion; Professor Strahan gives friendly justice to the memory of Goldsmith; Mr. Desmond Young and 'Musings without Method' deal with the Great Fight; and the remainder of "Maga" is quite up to standard.

Cornhill contains some letters and leaves 'From the Diary of a Journalist' by Sir Henry Lucy relating to 1902 and the Coronation of King Edward. Mr. G. W. Young tells how he became a climber in 'Hills and a Boy,' and Mr. G. W. Hartley of his 'Stalking Wild Sheep.' Mr. Julian Huxley's paper on the character and legends of some North Italian peasants is slight, but quite good, and Mr. J. H. Roberts builds up a fanciful medley out of the names of London streets. Dr. Henderson describes the noted preachers of the 'eighties, but we are surprised to see that Spurgeon is not mentioned.

The **Law Quarterly** has always one or two papers of interest to scholars whose range lies outside the profession. Mr. Bolland describes for us 'A Mediæval Lawyer's Commonplace Book' found in Caius library, and gives us some of the pickings. One is a proverb which may be rendered, "Never so far flies the crow that her tail does not follow her." Another is a communication from Morgan le Fay to the warden of the "pont perilous" apparently concerning Gaveston. We commend it to our literary readers for investigation, as Mr. Bolland has certainly not cleared it up completely. Mr. Senior discusses 'Early Writers on Maritime Law.' He is full of bookish information, but we may add that there are two editions of the 'Consolat del Mar' in the British Museum, one printed in 1484.

The **Church Quarterly** appears under the editorship of Dr. Headlam for the last time. It contains a statement of his position in 'Divorce'; a pessimistic paper on the prospects of reunion with the Greek Church by Mr. Gavin; an account of Miss Yonge by Mrs. Owen; a review by Dr. Rashdall of Mr. Kirk's 'Moral Theology'; and a comparison of the stories of the births of Buddha and Christ by Mr. F. Harold Smith.

The **Journal of Comparative Legislation** contains a review of the legislation of 1919 with a general introduction by Sir Courtenay Ilbert. Besides the Dominions and Dependencies, a number of foreign countries are included, the principal being France, Italy, Netherlands, U.S.A., Japan and China.

Psyche presents many points of interest to students of psychological matters. Medical men will be interested in articles on 'Dreams' and on 'Sleep and Insomnia.' Col. Richardson's paper on 'The Homing Instinct in Dogs' is of quite general interest from its author's wide experience. He gives the lurcher, the sheep dog, the working collie, and the Airedale the palm for home-finding. Fox-terriers are too small, and poodles are irresponsible. Three months are required to train a trustworthy dog messenger.

The **Musical Quarterly** (N.Y.) has some articles quite up to its usually high standard, and makes the best reading on the subject we have, whether it is raging at 'The Things We Set to Music,' or telling of 'Russian Composers as Described by Themselves,' Debussy or Busoni, or 'Contemporary Belgian Music.'

The **Revue des Deux Mondes** has lately been celebrating the memory of La Fontaine. His anniversary seems to have passed unnoticed in England, which is odd, since he is the only French romantic of his time. This month M. Louis Bertrand begins a new romance, Napoleon's Mameluke tells the story of Waterloo and St. Helena, and M. Gillet devotes a long and critical article to the work of Samuel Butler. He is generally right as to his facts, and often as to his conclusions, but it is curious that he does not know, as Butler did not know, that the female authorship of the *Odyssey* is an ancient story preserved for those who study their classics by Eustathius. There is also an important article on the future of Islam from the French point of view.

The **French Quarterly** examines in a paper by Mr. Edward Latham the phrase "Le style, c'est l'homme" and some others attributed to Buffon, with the warning, "Verify your quotations." M. Marc Bloch examines the truth of the statements as to the emancipation of the serfs in France by Louis X and Philippe V. There are some reviews, and the usual excellent bibliography of recent French publications.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ARCHÆOLOGY AND PHILOLOGY.

- English-Tibetan Colloquial Dictionary. By C. A. Bell. Second Edition. Calcutta, Bengal Secretariat Book Depot: 4 rupees.
Epilegomena to the Study of Greek Religion. By Jane Ellen Harrison. Cambridge University Press: 3s. 6d. net.
Grammar of Colloquial Tibetan. By C. A. Bell. Calcutta, Bengal Secretariat Book Depot: 3 rupees.
Motya, a Phœnician Colony in Sicily. By Joseph I. S. Whitaker. Bell: 30s. net.

FICTION.

- Breaking Covert. By S. P. B. Mais. Grant Richards: 8s. 6d. net.
Good Grain. By Emmeline Morrison. Long: 8s. 6d. net.
Grains of Dust. By Anthony Carlyle. Mills & Boon: 8s. 6d. net.
Karma and other Stories. By Lafcadio Hearn. Har-rap: 5s. net.
Trial by Ordeal. By Evan Morgan. Lane: 7s. 6d. net.
When I was a Queen in Babylon. By R. Allatini. Mills & Boon: 8s. 6d. net.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

- London and its Environs. With Maps and Plans. Forty-second Edition. Ward Lock.
Tahiti. By Tihoti (George Calderon). Grant Richards: 25s. net.
Travels of a Consular Officer in North-West China. By Eric Teichman. Cambridge University Press: 25s. net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- History of Pisa, A. By W. Heywood. Cambridge University Press: 21s. net.
Some Personalities. By 20/1631. Murray: 15s. net.
Thirteenth Hussars in the Great War, The. By Sir H. Mortimer Durand. With maps and illustrations. Blackwood: 42s. net.

VERSE.

- Children of Circumstance. By A. J. Eardley Dawson. Grant Richards: 3s. 6d. net.
Poems of W. E. Aytoun. Oxford Edition. Humphrey Milford: 5s. net.

VARIOUS.

- Hard Knots for the Clergy. By Sir Philip Perring. Grant Richards: 5s. net.
Philosopher with Nature, A. By Benjamin Kidd. Methuen: 6s. net.
What shall I think of Japan? By George Gleeson. New York, Macmillan Co.: 12s. 6d. net.

THE CITY

This Department of THE SATURDAY REVIEW will shortly come under the charge of Mr. Hartley Withers, at present Editor of 'The Economist.'

The Outlook

ONLY on those rare occasions when there is something exceptional "to go for" are the Stock Markets active during August and September. This year seems likely to provide a first-class example of the conventional. The general tone is fairly good, but business is about as slack as it could be. It was apparently thought, in some quarters, that the end of the coal dispute would bring a prompt recovery in everything, financial and industrial, but this having failed to occur, markets have been left to their own devices. But a slow and steady recovery, of which there are fortunately many trustworthy indications, is much to be preferred to a mere flash in the pan. The financial situation, from the industrial point of view, has undergone decided improvement, and if only Government finance could be regarded with more equanimity, all would be plain sailing. However, it is something to know that the trade and industry of the country are steadily reverting to the normal, and that we can at least look forward, with some confidence, to a happier and more prosperous autumn.

Stock Markets

A fair amount of investment buying of British Funds has imparted steadiness to this group, while Home Corporation Stocks, for which there is a sustained demand, have remained in evidence. Those which are redeemable within the next 10 to 15 years have been particularly favoured. Some of the more recent Colonial Government Stocks have also advanced to a moderate extent. Among Foreign Bonds Brazilians have been prominent, aided by American buying, and the improvement in the Rio Exchange. Japanese issues, particularly the four and a half per cents., have strengthened, but French issues have been under the influence of that country's financial difficulties, and German issues have been on the weak side. The Home Railway market has remained in the dumps, but in Foreign Railways Argentine issues have been distinctly good. In Industrial and Miscellaneous issues the tendency has been to stagnate, and prices on the whole are a little easier. This is evidently the result of disappointment that the trade of the country has not gone ahead more rapidly. Textiles have been inclined to dwindle, and Breweries have been quiet, but should begin to look up again in view of the new Licensing Bill. Shipping shares have been, if anything, rather easier, but Bank shares, especially those of the big five, have received more attention. The Oil Share market has been comparatively idle, but fairly steady, while Rubber Shares are still under the influence of the large stocks of the commodity and the discussion of the projected combine of producers. Mining shares have been generally quiet and uninteresting.

Outlook Abroad

Looking abroad, it is evident that with the possible exception of Germany, the present hold-up of

trade is more or less general. Considerable nervousness is evinced in financial and commercial circles in the United States, and it is evidently beginning to be realized that it is possible for a country to suffer acute financial indigestion through a surfeit of gold. America seems to have let slip the opportunity of becoming the financial centre of the world, and the opportunity is hardly likely to recur. As regards the late neutral countries, the evidence is that all are suffering from a strong reaction following abnormal war-time prosperity, accentuated by the revival of keen competition from Germany. Some considerable time must elapse before each regains its correct perspective; and much financial and industrial unsettlement must accompany the process. The distorted views of labour in countries that prospered exceedingly during the war have yet to be substantially modified, if the competition with Germany is to be effectively met. Incidentally, it is to be noted that Russia is in a very bad way, and there is talk of the Soviet Government recognising the country's foreign debts with a view, presumably, to obtaining urgently needed help from outside.

Recovery in Brazilian Bonds

The recovery in Brazilian bonds, which has been one of the outstanding features of the Foreign market, is mainly the result of American buying. A good impression has been created by the recovery in the Rio Exchange, which, it is believed, will make further progress. Until a few weeks back, there was a distinct danger that the unsatisfactory commercial situation in the Republic would compel the declaration of a moratorium, but recent advices are more reassuring, and Brazil seems to have turned one more awkward corner. The British investor who favours Brazilian securities, would be well-advised to confine his attention to the old and new Funding Loans, which have a first and a second lien respectively on the Customs. Still better security is offered by the 8% Treasury Bonds of the State of San Paulo, which can be bought to yield about 8½%. The bonds are redeemable not later than 1951, and are secured by a surtax on all coffee exported from the State. Unlike the Federal Government, the State has always been able to meet its liabilities, and its credit ranks deservedly high.

Argentine Rails Improve

The spurt in Argentine Rails is the result of a moderate demand coming on a market which was practically bare of stock. It is based on the expectation that, with increased freight charges and economies through the extended use of oil fuel, the Companies will have a better year; but a great deal depends upon the new crops, concerning which it is too early to speak, though good rains are reported. During the past financial year the companies got the benefit of exchange appreciation up to about the end of March, since when the peso has sunk below parity and is now at a discount of about 3½d., though, with an end of the labour troubles and better business conditions in the Argentine, a recovery seems to be in sight. The final dividends in respect of the year to June 30 are due in October and will make a poor showing. Those of the B.A. Great Southern and Western will probably be cut from 7% to 4% for the year, and that of the Central Argentine from 6% to 4%, while the B.A.

and Pacific, which paid 5% a year ago, will only be able to make a small distribution if any. The stocks, however, are worth keeping until it is seen how the new crops are likely to shape.

Ebbw Vale Report

The Ebbw Vale Steel and Coal Company issues a report that might well have been less satisfactory in view of the serious stoppages to which its operations have been subjected. But although the Company's collieries were idle from Oct. 18 to Nov. 4, and also during Feb. and March, the output of coal for the financial year ended March 31, was 1,426,738 tons against 1,582,143 tons during the previous year. The other three products of the undertaking, coke, pig iron, and steel, substantially increased in volume, notwithstanding the fact that the iron and steel departments only worked intermittently from November up to the end of the financial year. It is noteworthy that the amount paid in wages increased from £3,119,528 to £4,168,015. It is not possible to compare the gross profits, £633,250, with those given in the previous report, as on that occasion the results of two years were lumped together. However, the fact that the ordinary share dividend is reduced from 15% to 5% is some indication of relative results. That this distribution is on the cautious side is shown by the allocation of £150,000 out of profits to reserve for depreciation in stocks, and a further £50,000 to general reserve. Obviously the effect of the recent prolonged coal stoppage is but slightly reflected in the present report. Confidence in the future is, nevertheless, indicated by the acquisition during the past year of several additional colliery companies.

Guinness Results

A remarkable increase in the volume of business transacted was shown by the report of Arthur Guinness & Co. The brewery profit at £18,184,000 compared with £12,938,000 for 1920 and with £5,856,000 for 1919, but owing to the fact that excise and licence duties called for an additional £4,800,000, the net profit at £3,629,000 showed an increase of only £365,000. The dividend was raised from 20% to 25%, so that the stock at 400 allowing for accrued dividend, yields £6 7s. net or about 9%, subject to income-tax at the present rate. No less than £16,141,000 was contributed to the national revenue in the form of taxation, as compared with £10,964,000 in 1920, and £4,666,000 in 1919. The stocks have advanced from £6,172,000 to £8,186,000, but the best indication of increased trade is in the cost of casks which figures at £718,000, as against £227,000 in the previous year. Although the brewery is situated in Dublin, the bulk of its trade is done with this country. It will be interesting to watch the effect upon its contributions to our national revenue if Southern Ireland has fiscal independence.

The Mining Market

The improvement in the price of silver, which has risen about sixpence per ounce since last May, has given some encouragement to producers, and in consequence a subdued flutter has taken place in the shares of the Mexican gold-silver mines, Mining Corporation of Canada, and Burma Corporation. Russo-Asiatics have also been firm on the rumour that a working arrangement has been fixed up between the Soviet Government and the Company. Copper shares have been quiet, as the position of the metal in America is not regarded very favourably in spite of the comparative steadiness of the price here. The quotation for tin has weakened, but Nigerian shares have fallen to so low a level that further recessions would be difficult. The Kaffir Circus has been steady in spite of the chance of labour troubles on the mines, owing to the proposed reduction of 1/6d. per shift, which would be equivalent to about threepence per ton of ore treated. The men are balloting whether to accept or strike, but it is unlikely that an open rupture will occur. The question of ex-enemy held shares, which has been hanging over the market for months, is now likely to be settled, as it is believed the matter has been left to General Smuts to arrange. The "all-sliming" process which may be adopted by the newer properties on the Rand, is expected to result in substantial savings and may not improbably lead to a revival of activity in other mineralised districts of the Union. Diamond shares have been bought by Paris operators, an enquiry for the stones being already observable from America, where the demand is expected gradually to improve.

An East Rand Mine

The Geduld Proprietary Mines, one of the most promising properties situated on the eastern section of the Rand Goldfield, owes its good fortune very largely to the success of the cementation process, which is the forcing of cement under high pressure into water fissures in underground rock. In 1916 the company had to raise 988 million gallons of water, at a cost equivalent to 2/7.8d. per ton of ore milled, and what was even more serious did not dare to face the task of developing the mine at depth. The cementation process having made the management indifferent to water troubles, the deeper ore is now being opened up. It should be understood that most ore formations are on a slant or dip, and in the majority of instances, the ore which is nearest the surface is first extracted. To get at the deeper areas frequently necessitates the sinking of new shafts which can often be financed out of profits.

The Present Position

On the Geduld as soon as the water difficulty was solved, a new shaft was commenced (No. 7) to reach the ore in the deepest part of the mine, and

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

London: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

Funds £25,746,000. Income £9,110,000

Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

whilst it was being sunk, a level from the existing underground workings was driven towards the spot where this shaft would intersect the reef. The level opened up an unexplored area and some remarkable results were obtained. Dividends of $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. were paid in respect of last year, and in June the half-yearly distribution of $1/6d.$ per share was paid. The next distribution will be in December, and should at least be equal to what was paid for the same period in the preceding year, namely 10 per cent. In the neighbourhood of $2\frac{1}{2}$ the shares do not appear to be overvalued, bearing in mind the possibilities of the concern.

Oil Market Notes

During the last week the market has been very inactive; this was partly due to the holidays. Burmahs recovered sharply on the completion of the sale of a block of shares, showing a rise of nearly ten shillings at $6.5/16ths$ ex dividend.

There has been a steady investment demand for Anglo-Persian 1st and 2nd Preference and for the new Burmah Preference, also a revival of interest towards the end of the week in Trinidad issues, Leasehold recovering $\frac{1}{4}$, Central $\frac{1}{8}$ and Apex $3/16ths$. The last named Company shows an increase of 800 tons in its output for July over the previous month, and a further considerable increase may be expected as the Company has been able to arrange for larger deliveries.

Paris has turned a buyer of Mexican Eagles, the price showing a rise of $3/16ths$. The sharp fall in the value of the Dutch florin adversely affected the price of Royal Dutch shares on the London market, but after falling to $42\frac{1}{2}$, they subsequently recovered $\pounds 1$ to $43\frac{1}{2}$. Shells have been an extremely hard market and show an improvement of $3/32$ on the week.

British Controlled were a dull market, few shares changing hands.

The issue of $\pounds 3,000,000$ Eagle Oil Transport 7% Notes, guaranteed by the Mexican Eagle Oil Co., has been over-subscribed and dealings will take place as soon as the allotments are out.

Russian Oil shares were in demand from Paris and all show a substantial advance.

America's Oil Troubles

The fires of apprehension in United States oil circles would appear to be served by at least an endless supply of fuel. This nervousness, too, is reflected in some measure in our own and other oil-consuming countries, since America is the nerve-centre of the oil industry. But in "nerves" American oil men are rapidly establishing a corner. Their trade press faithfully mirrors the progress of the malady. To-day the obsession is Mexico, plus Mesopotamia, and British and Dutch "machinations" generally; but the oil men are argus-eyed, and for to-morrow they see an "oil-flood" overwhelming their distracted country from all Latin-America, beginning with Venezuela and Columbia. An oil tariff will be needed then, hence why burk the issue now? President Harding and Secretary Hughes with their "greater political issues" are a sad disappointment to these ardent patriots. Republicanism of this order is beyond their comprehension, while it is mere aggravation to be reminded by official communiques that the proposal to tax oil imported into the United States has resulted only in "embarrassing" the State Department in its negotiations with the Mexican

Government, providing the latter with "an effective argument" if the Administration protests against the new Mexican tax. And with every passing day, while the present low world-demand for oil-products and current low prices persist, the worries of the American oil man multiply, while his brain works 24 hours daily turning out antidotes for his immediate troubles.

Export Trade in Cotton Yarns

Our Manchester correspondent writes:—Holiday influences have prevailed in local trade circles this week, and, of course, throughout Lancashire the annual stoppages in the several towns are in full swing. Production, therefore, is very irregular. The market as a whole has continued quiet, but a feature of interest has been maintained activity in yarns suitable for export. A big business has again been done for India. It is understood that a good deal of this yarn is for hand looms. The Gandhi agitation in favour of a boycott of foreign cloth is being watched very closely and the freer buying in yarn indicates that more looms are being put down in our Dependency. A considerable trade has also taken place for China, whilst certain sellers have reported an increased turnover in fine counts for Germany. This foreign trade in yarn is assisting spinners to improve their position.

Short Time Abandoned

The Master Spinners' Federation has decided to abandon the scheme for curtailing yarn production on an organised scale. So far back as last October mills engaged on Egyptian cotton began to run 35 hours a week, and in December American mills started to work only 24 hours a week, instead of the usual 48 hours. Although the trade position scarcely warrants a resumption of full production, many firms want a free hand as to running their mills, and in the circumstances the Masters' Federation has resolved to allow their members to work as they think desirable.

Textile Shares

Textile shares continue to attract very little attention, and transactions at the moment are quite unimportant. Prices rather tend to sag owing to the absence of support. Business in Oldham mill companies is also restricted. It is reported that negotiations are taking place for the sale of the Irk Mill. The directors of certain companies at the half-yearly meetings have had to meet a good deal of criticism.

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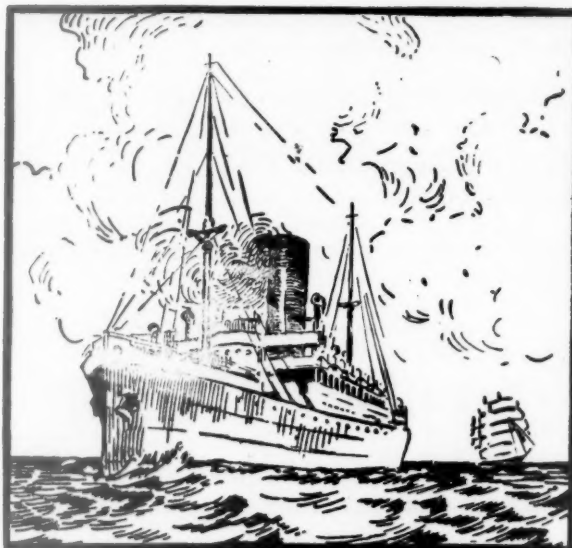
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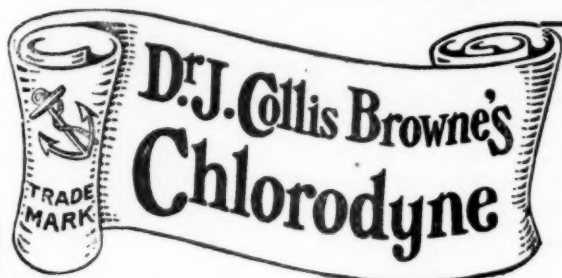
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THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Nobel Industries, Ltd., was held on the 29th ult., at Winchester House, E.C., Sir Harry McGowan, K.B.E., chairman and managing director, presiding.

The Chairman said that a year ago he expressed confidence that when they met again they would have an equally satisfactory trading record. That expectation had been fulfilled, the practical difference being that while the profits earned had been approximately the same as for 1919, the directors recommended no dividend on the Ordinary shares. The decision was due principally to the disastrous coal stoppage, accentuated by the unprecedented conditions obtaining. Most of their factories had had practically no output during the coal stoppage, and for a long period several were closed down entirely. The loss known to accrue from this cessation of business and the consequent uncertain prospects for the ensuing months of this year, indicated the wisdom of their not paying a dividend on the Ordinary shares. Twelve months ago they decided to shorten their supplies of raw materials, with the result that at the end of last year their various companies were in a very healthy condition as regards stocks in hand and commitments ahead. Had there been no coal stoppage, by this time their stocks of the chief high-priced materials would have been worked off, and they would have been in a position to take advantage of the present lower costs of materials and to reduce selling prices.

Nothing had occurred to undermine their confidence in the basis upon which the original capitalisation was arranged, and it was proving to have been very conservative.

In the year they had received as dividends rather more than £1,200,000 before providing for income tax, which, after deducting income tax and expenses, leaves £850,000. This by no means exhausted the profits of the constituent companies, which in a number of cases were considerably in excess of the sums distributed. After providing for the interest accrued on the new Note Issue up to December, 1920, they brought into the balance sheet £827,072, which, with the carry forward, made a total of £1,057,461. Deducting the two half-yearly Preference dividends, and making other provisions as detailed, they were able to carry forward a sum of £757,000.

He would like to remind them of the purpose of their merger—viz., to protect their position by getting the undernoted advantages: In the factories: (1) To reduce production costs and overhead charges by concentration of manufacture in the most suitable places. (2) To be able at no greater overhead cost to have everywhere the highest technical advice. (3) To buy more cheaply and to economise by holding smaller stocks of raw material. In the Selling Organisation: (4) To eliminate competition in advertising, and increase efficiency in that direction. (5) To effect savings in distribution expenses—i.e., commissions, magazine charges, carriage, etc. In the Office Organisation: (6) To establish a common form of costing in order to get the advantage of comparability. (7) To get the best advice and establish a common line of action in fiscal matters. (8) To concentrate in a central modern office building.

As the result of two very strenuous years' work, to a large extent the objects of the merger had been obtained. From now onwards considerable economies in working would gradually make their effects felt, thus enabling them to accomplish what they set out to achieve—viz., the strengthening of their industry by increased efficiency. By lower cost they would be enabled to meet foreign competition. Having reviewed their principal industrial investments, the Chairman said that while manufacturers in this country had lost three or four months' profits by the coal deadlock, that experience would lead to the hope that there would be no repetition.

As to the Company's own business, in view of all the facts, they must not be too optimistic as to the trading results for 1921, but the Company was in a sound condition, and he was hopeful that all the economies introduced would offset to a certain extent the loss of revenue brought about by the coal troubles and general depression.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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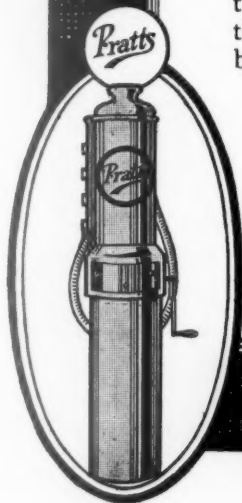
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